CHIRON RISING

OCTOBER, 1990
$6.95

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

MORE COLOR PHOTOS!
Writers E.A. AMOS , OCHO, JOHN J. McNEILL,
KENN RICHIE, JASON P. WILLIAMS, LEGAL
EAGLE and XYLOPHANG
Artists JERYN, QUETZAL, RADER, RAM and CORNELIUS
Models HORNBLOWER, NO WRINKLES, WARLOCK, KORV,
THE FRIAR, THE GARDENER, CC, plus 16 NEW MODELS

THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED TO THOSE MATURE MEN AND THEIR MALE ADMIRERS WHO SEEK ENTERTAINMENT WHICH GLORIFIES SOCIAL, SPIRITUAL AND SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN ADULT MALES. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIAL, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER!

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PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

BIG BOSS
The Friar

WRITERS/ARTISTS/ PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

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MESSAGE FROM THE FRIAR

As I stated in the August-September 90 issue, we made a vow to get away from the magazine for three days each month. So far, we've done pretty well, thanks to a local subscriber/friend known as KARL, who house/baby sits. (The very mention of his name incites back flips from our dogs, Sammi and Zelda, both of whom get by with murder when he's "in charge.") I was able to get Pat away from his beloved computer and cramped office for a few days in July and a few more in August. By golly, I think we have a healthy trend going here!

In July we met my 44-year-old son and daughter-in-law in Las Vegas, where they were attending his high school's 26th class reunion. Because of the reunion activities, we couldn't spend that much time with them, but we did manage to take them out to lunch and do a tour of the unbelievable Excalibur Hotel. We also got to see many of the men and women (all of whom were kids the last time I saw them) who had graduated with my son from the high school in Okinawa. To my amazement, many remembered me. I think I had the distinction of being the only parent there, and there was much encouragement for me to attend the next reunion.

If you haven't been to Las Vegas lately, you might want to check it out again. In addition to the Excalibur, there is also the dazzling Mirage, complete with white tigers and erupting "volcano." Many of the older hotels have also changed radically since the last time I was there. Consequently, everything is glitzier and bigger than ever before. Although we aren't gamblers, the glitz got to us and, before we knew it, we were dropping quarters into noisy slot machines like fiends. It was fun, though. When Pat ran out of quarters and prepared to call it a day, I gave him one more. Wouldn't you know that he would win 800 quarters with it. No wonder he calls me his lucky charm!

Since time with the kids was limited, we made arrangements to spend two nights with HORNBLOWER and his roommate, who own a house with pool in Las Vegas. It was extremely hot when we arrived, but it didn't take us long to get as nude as our hosts and enjoy the ingenious outdoor air conditioning in the pool area. Tubing had been installed around the perimeter and a constant, fine mist lowered the temperature substantially. I don't think we put on clothing the entire time we spent with HORNBLOWER. Nothing boring about these guys. We had a great time and look forward to going back.

In August we flew to Austin for 3 days with WOODY BALDWIN and his partner, SEAN. The first night there, Woody and Sean invited three other subscribers to join us at a genuine Texas catfish fry. It was one of those no-frills, open-air places with a county fair-like ambience, complete with lots of cold beer and a country and western band. Since I normally don't eat fish (my system can handle canned tuna, but very little else), Pat was thrown for a loop when I got in line and piled the fillets on. He was pissed when I consumed my second helping, accusing me of feigning an allergy to fish just to keep from having to eat it. Since I suffered no ill-effects, I guess I'm doomed to a regimen of eating fish once a week, just to keep Pat quiet.

Those of you who are familiar with PRIME TIMER's Woody and Sean know we're not exaggerating when we say that these two men are very special. Guests are never merely entertained at *Casa de Woody y Sean* . . . . They are inspired. Pool all the good qualities of your friends and fantasize a couple with all those qualities. The result would differ little from these guys. They're a powerful, well-balanced team—one in the foreground and one in the background on one issue, then the reverse on the next. They are genuinely caring, sincere men who refuse to retire into oblivion. They make things happen and strive to make this world a better place. If PRIME TIMERS is any indication of what this duo can create, then the sky's the limit.

Life continues to be very active here at *Casa de Luna*. The garden hasn't done as well as last year because of the extreme heat during the month of June. The orchard has done poorly because of the very strong winds last spring and early summer. In light of the hostile environment here, we are forever appreciative of the drip system which feeds all our trees, vineyard, lawn and garden. The heat, wind and isolation notwithstanding, we've managed to entertain 110 visiting subscribers since the first of the year.

How many magazines can boast that?

THE FRIAR

LETTERS

IN PRAISE OF XYLOPHANG

XYLOPHANG sounds angry and rightfully so. As a doctor, I too have many horror stories I could tell about medical errors and indifference, especially when it comes to the elderly. I could also write a book about senior couples who were legally ill-prepared to confront the inevitable maladies of later life. I wonder how many of your readers appreciate what you, XYLOPHANG and LEGAL EAGLE are trying to do for us. Not a month goes by that I don't hear of a couple getting caught with their pants down. A and B ignore B's chest pains until it's too late. Then B's family comes in and throws A out on the street, in spite of the fact that he owns the furniture and paid for the pool, garage and new roof. X develops headaches and confusion; the doctor blows the diagnosis. Y, his lover, wants to get a second opinion, but X refuses. The next day, X has a massive stroke. X's family bans Y from entering the ICU to hold his lover's hand as he fights for and loses his life. Keep reminding these guys, Pat and The Friar. Maybe they'll begin to listen someday. V.V./New York

WOMEN IN CHIRON RISING?

Just noticed the word "bisexual" in the certification statement. I'm completely homosexually oriented (I hate the term "gay"); however, I get most excited at the idea of seeing a good-looking older man with a woman. As you never see older men in any other magazines (or videos) where women are involved, I think it would be great to see something like that in CR. I would think there may be other men who feel the same as I. Anyway, at least one picture would be really nice. You guys are really getting there. The color photos are great and the models are getting better and better (especially ZIPPER). It would be great to see a color version of the photo of ZIPPER in the pool! S.F./ New Jersey.

REACHING OUT

I am a 50-year-old executive so terrified of being found out and so guilt-ridden that I felt oppressed after all sexual contacts for the past 15 years. Until I read of your magazine, I saw my life coming to a dead end, with nothing but total loneliness or casual sex. I see now how foolish this has been, and I feel sufficiently heartened to develop friendships also in the gay world that I tried to avoid. Now I want to reach out and meet new friends. You have shown me that being a "queer" does not mean that my life must be a succession of gay bars or washrooms. You have brought me dignity. Thanks! E.D./ New York.

MISSES SKUA

Attached is my check renewing my subscription and for the August and October 88 issues. I have all of the others and my friend of 13 years and I really admire your efforts. We really enjoy your magazine to the fullest extent. The recent color pages are the best thing that's happened since the privy was moved inside the house. I have written several models as I think they deserve fan mail and in each issue they seem to be even more provocative and sexy. You may recall I spoke to you and wrote you about SKUA when he died and I saw his self portrait in Feb/mar 90 issue and I wondered if you ever got the portrait he did of you and The Friar. I sure do miss his sketches in CR and I wish you could find another artist with his simple, classical approach. I regret he never did get our portrait to draw. B.B./ Tennessee.

[Editor's note: After several requests, SKUA's family finally consented to send us the magnificent oil portrait SKUA did of us. It is unfinished, but stunning.]

A KNOCKOUT

The August issue had the best covers yet, inside and out, although KORV is the knockout. The boys on pages 14, 17, 21, 24 and 38 are dreaming material. Like the art of RADER and the faces of ABE. The Friar's story of the rejuvenating trip was a knockout as was the JASON WILLIAMS story. So keep making us happy. J.R./ Pasadena.

ISOLATION

As a new subscriber, I want to let you know how much a I enjoy your magazine. As you know, I have gotten a lot of the back issues and some specials. Really do like the work you are doing. Being in a small, Midwest town has disadvantages as most everyone knows you and what you do. I find that being 51, separated from a wife of 22 years and having two teenagers living with me really keeps me closeted. What few contacts I have live some distance away and it is hard to travel sometimes. I'd like to hear from others that have had the same problem and how they solved it. Keep up the great work. I hope someday you will be able to publish monthly. Sincerely, ISLAND

FOUND AT F STREET BOOKS

I just discovered CR and I just had to write and say, "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" I thought I was one of the few who had a discerning eye for the

sexy older man, but you guys have shown me some sights I am ready to die for! I happened to be in my local adult book store here in San Diego and there sat your magazine. I bought it immediately and got a very nice smile from the man behind the counter (he was about 45 and gorgeous!). I read it from cover to cover. Usually when I tell my friends that I like older men, they go, "UGH!", but it's nice to know that there are so many others who share my taste in great looking men. WHERE AND HOW CAN I BUY VIDEOS? BCM/ San Diego.

[Editor's note: See the P.R. Simon Productions ad in this issue. Also, see the personal ads in this issue.]

HOT FOR KORV

First, I was given a rocket jolt when I opened the cover of your latest—and best—issue to be greeted by the *Ah Peel!* of the Man Of My Dreams. This KORV is more than a specimen. To me he's the epitome representing everything I ever looked for in an adult male. And truthfully, for most of my life. But aside from falling instantly in lust, and after soothing my brain and various other organs with reason, I continued to read through the book and found scarcely a flaw. In fact, none worthy of mention. By the way, let me add to this testimonial. My ad that ran in two issues a while back, produced a good number of respondents, and after chaff fell away I have wound up with several bounteous, intelligent, charming, and inspiring Pen(is) Pals who keep me euphoric and constantly elevated. My output as a result has been no less than prodigious, more like that expected from an eager youth rather than a healthy, retired fella approaching 70 years. I wonder if this might be too old for KORV? Okay, I'll ask him, in the enclosed fan letter, with great appreciation for this service to and for your readers. With all best wishes for the continued growth and success of CR, and hopes we may see a bit less leather and hair. Instead, maybe some clean shaven pubic parks now and then? Sincerely, S.C.D/ Los Angeles.

TELL'EM TO SIT ON A TRAILER HITCH

I wanted to puke when I read the letters from J.S./Fresno and D.S./Florida (Aug/Sept 90). J.S./ Fresno: "I was not sure if I wanted to renew but I'm supposed to see a friend of ours in your next issue." (Read: Because of your folksiness, your magazine is beneath me, but I'll lower myself until my friend's photo appears.) How pompous! And D.S./Florida's pearls: "I don't like seeing the younger set in CR, which has always featured the geriatric set,"and "Sexually, my preference has always been a thinner, healthier look." *Geriatric? Healthier?* What a dork! I can just see him running from house to house, showing his friends that his letter was published in CR, oblivious to the fact that he'd made a complete ass out of himself. Please, CR, don't change a thing! Your mix is perfect. D.V./ Minneapolis

CR MEN ARE APPROACHABLE

I've really enjoyed my new issue of CR and am savoring the back issues as well. Among other things, I find the men in photos and ads so wonderfully approachable. Guess that's part of their maturity, which is so refreshing--and very appealing. I feel a common bond because that's me as well--I'm approachable. May you have good fortune and continue your appreciated good work. J.H./ Iowa

PAT & THE FRIAR IN THE FAST LANE?

I really envy you guys, being around all those hot models and going to all those celebrity parties in Beverly Hills and Palm Springs. What's it like in the gay fast lane? E.F./Idaho

[Editor's note: Save your envy. We get invited to perhaps one in thirty parties thrown by area readers. There was a big L.A. party in August, hosted by a subscriber. Many of our models and supporters were there and one told us that he attended only because he was led to believe that we were invited and would be there. Happens all the time. Is it because we're middle-class teetotalers who drive a mini-van and live in a mobile home? Would we fare better if we leased a BMW instead of a Voyager and broke out the gold chains? Perhaps we should adopt cute phrases like, "This paté is to die for!"

Then perhaps not. The consolation is in the fact that we were remembered for the more substantive celebrations of the year (See IN CLOSING). We were invited to those out of love and respect.]

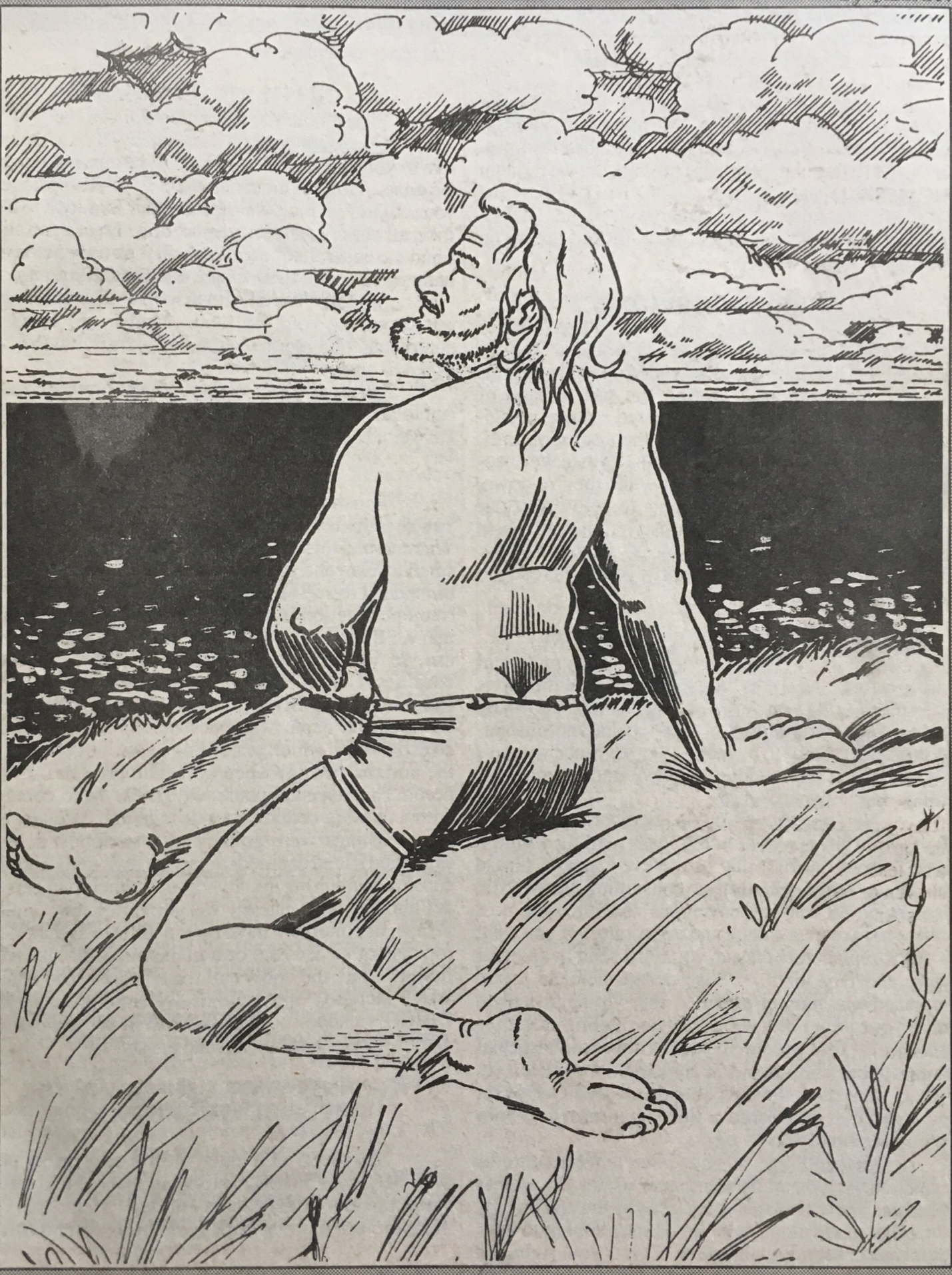
SOLO SEX:
ADVANCED TECHNIQUES FOR MEN

Learn to have multiple orgasms, psychic orgasms (without physical stimulation), maximum intensity and potency, altered sexual states and physical/mental health through ecstatic self-pleasuring. **No book like it—ever**, by recognized authority. Detailed instructions, illustrations, 208 pp, paperback. $12.95 plus $4 for shipping and handling to:

TECHNIQUES
3932-C Airport Blvd., Suite 123, Dept. CR,
Mobile, AL 36608.
Allow three weeks for delivery.

POSEIDON

by JERYN



JERYN is a 29-year-old French free-lance journalist/cartoonist who lives with his 58-year-old retired engineer lover in Paris.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE HORNBLOWER AND BULLFINCH SWITCH

In the June-July 90 issue, our printer's color cover sub-vendor switched the photos of HORNBLOWER and BULLFINCH. We included inserts to alert you to this blatantly inept mix-up, but we thought we should re-state it here. HORNBLOWER is the bald, bearded hunk on the inside front cover. BULLFINCH is the white-capped, thick-dicked dream on the inside back cover.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

Several issues ago, we solicited donations to set up gift subscriptions for needy readers. The response was heartening and we ended up with a surplus of gift subscriptions. During the past couple of months, however, we've encountered a surge in readers who cannot afford to renew their subscriptions, and we've gone through our surplus. Since we absolutely refuse to cut someone off while they're down, we are again soliciting donations to help offset our costs. If you'd like to make a subscription available to someone down on their luck, please send us $34.55. We will arrange for the recipient of your generosity to write you his thanks.

THE U.S. POST OFFICE (REPRISE)

The U.S. Postal Service is making more and more errors, and the extra expense relative thereto is severely cutting into our operating income. Too many readers are complaining of non-receipt and mishandling, and it seems to be getting worse. Since we can't fight the post office alone, we have implemented the following new procedures:

Non-receipt: If you do not receive your regular issue from our bi-monthly mass mailing within 2 weeks from the first day of the even month, please notify us. Although it is time consuming, we will file tracers on all missing envelopes and force the post office to investigate each and every one. If you want a quick replacement issue, you must send in an order form and pay for it. Please do not demand a free replacement, having assumed that we neglected to mail your issue, because our mass mailing system is practically fool proof. If you do not receive special orders of back issues, please advise and we will inform you if we'll trace the envelope or send you a free replacement. It is imperative that you inform us if your lost items finally show up.

Mishandling: If your issue is returned to us erroneously, you must reimburse us for the excess postage. We will re-mail your issue to you and include the original envelope, which you may submit to your post master for reimbursement. This is your right, but you have to demand it.

CR POLICY CHANGES

Please note the following policy changes:

Correspondence: Legitimate inquiries relative to your subscription or ad will be answered at our expense. All other inquiries MUST include postage or you will have a long wait for a reply. We love to hear from all our readers, but please, don't force us to write a letter to answer a question which is already answered in the magazine. Check with CR first, okay?

Models: We take no responsibility for models not answering your fan mail. Models are under no contractual obligation to answer fan mail, but they are asked to answer all letters.

Personal Ads: We no longer forward mail to coded advertisers with expired subscriptions. Do not answer ads in old issues.

CHIRON WHO?

For those of you who've joined us recently, you're probably wondering what our name stands for. We renamed this magazine CHIRON RISING after a small lesbian and gay newspaper in Washington State threatened to sue us over the use of the name SWAN (their publication is called THE SWAN). We figured that we'd come up with a name NOBODY would ever use, so we arrived at CHIRON RISING, partially because "Chiron" was a centaur and we'd always called ourselves Silver Centaurs. But the main reason we used the name was because "Chiron" is also a celestial body, which, according to astrologers, was on the horizon (rising) when both The Friar and I were born. That decision made, we got RAM to come up with a dashing centaur for our logo and off we went.

Things were going pretty smoothly until an estranged friend decided to start his own magazine and *chose a centaur for his cover too*. Rather than get into yet another legal hassle, we got rid of our centaur. Worse, astronomers have now determined that "Chiron" is not an asteroid or a planetoid after all. After finding a tail, they now call it a *comet*. Since comets aren't included in astrological charts, it stands that CHIRON cannot be RISING. Will we change our name? Not unless we're sued again.

A SONNET ISN'T A SONNET IF THE EDITOR LEAVES OUT A LINE

We received a letter from Aug-Sept 90 poet, M.S. MONTGOMERY, advising that we had left an entire line out of his sonnet entitled "Memory." We therefore present the work again in its correct form:

Memory

We met in Italy in 44
and never parted for a month or so.
I recollect quite well the dazzling shore
we sunned on, how we'd innocently go
between two dunes and share our virgin lust,
our bodies glistening, each sense erect
and taut with ardor, forceful and robust
with youth. Then orders came, and as we trekked
a German bullet hit him in the chest.
I held him in my arms, and there he died.
They said I wept—I don't retain the rest—
just how he smiled at me, rapt, open-eyed.
It doesn't matter now, but all the same
I wish I could recall my lover's name.

WANT TO KEEP WORKING AFTER RETIREMENT?

Did you know that government jobs are going begging? According to the American Association of Retired Persons (AARP), the government has lost many of their key people to private industry. In light of this situation and since hundreds of thousands of seniors in the private sector are routinely forced into unwanted retirement, it is obvious that those retirees should look into the possibility of working for the government. To help place seniors into government jobs, there now exists the Senior Environmental Employment Program (SEE Program), which was authorized by the Environmental Programs Assistance Act of 1984. Enrollees are paid by AARP, but the program is funded by EPA. Any experienced person over 55 is eligible for the program. There are no time limits on the jobs, but the average tour of duty is three years. Part-time employment can be arranged and enrollees are eligible for major benefits. Employees are not eligible for policy making positions, but there are a variety of jobs available, paying up to a maximum of $13.50 an hour and ranging from secretarial and clerical jobs to highly specialized positions. The program is operational in the ten EPA regions with headquarters in Boston, Edison (New Jersey), Philadelphia, Atlanta, Chicago, Kansas City, Dallas, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle and Washington, D.C. If you are interested in working in one of these regions and want more information, join AARP for only $5 and send your resume to Larry Anderson, Director, Senior Environmental Employment Program Department, AARP, 1909 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Retired or senior people can also seeks jobs directly through the government. Federal Job Information Centers are maintained in several major population centers around the country and are listed under "U.S. Government" in your white pages. Call or visit a Federal Job Information Center and ask whether applications are being accepted in your area for the kind of work you do.

NEW ORGANIZATIONS

"Gay and Lesbian Elders Active in Minnesota" (GLEAM) is a newly organized group for those people over 40, in and out of the closet. Meetings will be held the second Sunday of every month from 2 pm to 4 pm at 1505 Park Avenue, Minneapolis. Activities will vary with special emphasis on concerns to the elders of the local community. For further information, contact: Ed at 339-8612 or Rob at 374-3517.

A new chapter of PRIME TIMERS in Vancouver, B.C. will have its first meeting on Sunday, November 4, from 2 to 4 pm at the West End Community Center at 870 Denman Street. Woody Baldwin, founder and international organizer, will be present. PRIME TIMERS of Vancouver is a social organization for gay and bisexual men over 40 years of age. For further information, write to PRIME TIMERS of Vancouver, Suite 480, 1755 Robson, Vancouver V6G 3B7.

CHIRON RISING SEEKS NUMBER THREE

We are currently seeking a retired and/or financially secure, nonsmoking companion to join us at Casa de Luna. In return for *assisting* with household chores, house/dog sitting, gardening, CR errands and some clerical duties, we offer full room and board, along with an adventure of a lifetime. Number Three must possess good common sense, good health, adequate medical insurance, private transportation (CR related transportation furnished), a love of animals (dogs, especially), a pleasant disposition, the ability to work well with hands, the desire to learn the publishing business, and a great enthusiasm for the success of CR.

Race, age, net worth, size, ethnic background, sexual attractiveness/preferences etc., will not be deciding factors. Ability, honesty, health, enthusiasm and compatibility will be determinants.

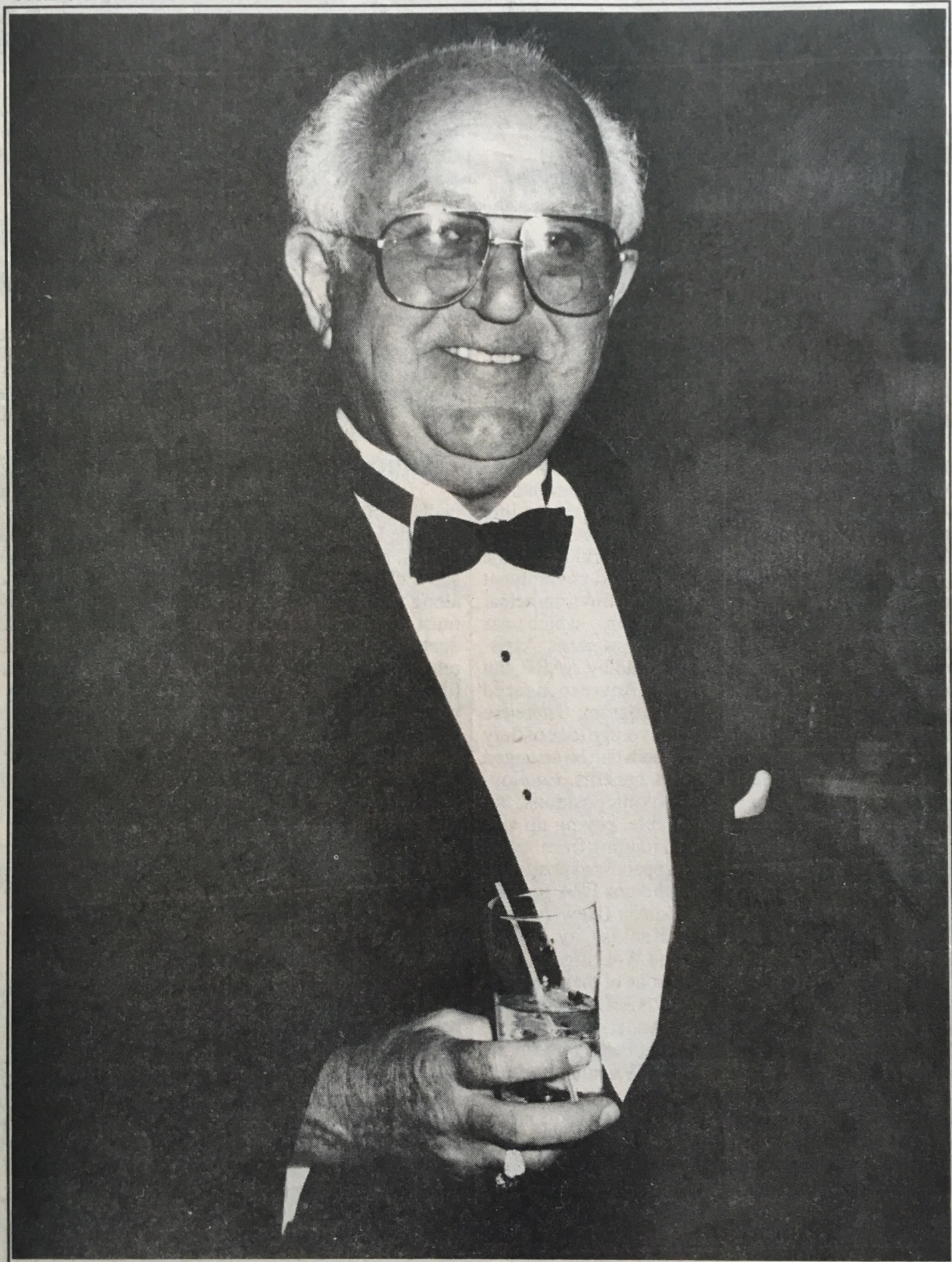
Those responding should include a brief history and profile, along with a recent photo and at least two references.

This is not a sexual or investment ploy.

NEW VIDEO ON THE MARKET

A new video featuring older men and friends has just arrived on the market from P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS, known for their Chubby Bear videos, quick shipments and concern for the customer (unlike many sleazy video outfits which ship only after threats of a mail fraud complaint). Rumor has it that it reveals lots of silver hair, plenty of action for every taste, and every body type imaginable. Unfortunately, we didn't receive the video in time to review it in this issue, but we've sent it to one of our capable writers. A review will appear in the December 90 issue. See P.R. SIMON's ad on page 42.

THE GOVERNOR



This dapper retiree lives near Fresno, where he watches over his real estate. Late word is that he's found a younger lover.

ORGANIZATIONS, ESTABLISHMENTS AND PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST TO CR READERS

The names of the following were brought to our attention as being of interest to C-R Readers. They are featured herewith as a public service. All welcome or seek the patronage of older men and their admirers. Please write us regarding changes or proposed additions.

BELGIUM

LE DINANT
41 place de Dinant
Brussels
Sauna

LA RESERVE
Kleine Boterstraat 4
Brussels
Bar

L'Ensor
Rue de l'association, 9
Brussels
Bar

GIRTH & MIRTH
BELGIUM
B.P. 1514
B-6000 Charleroi-1
Big Men's Club
Hot line: 071/31 48 35

CALIFORNIA

AFFILIATED BIGMEN'S CLUBS
584 Castro St., Suite 139S
San Francisco, CA 94114
National BigMen's Clubs HQ

BC/SW
P.O. Box 1501
Pomona, CA 91769
World-wide communications network for men of all ages who are into balls. Publishes quarterly newsletter, which contains stories, articles, photos, drawings and personal ads.

BEAR MAGAZINE
COA
2215R Market St. #148
San Francisco, CA 94114
Magazine for men who like masculine, hairy men. Many of BEAR's models are older.

BLK
Box 83912-C
Los Angeles, CA 90083-0912
National black gay magazine.

CENTER 55
2017 E. 4TH ST.
LONG BEACH 90814
(213) 434-4455
Support/discussion group for senior gays and lesbians.

G40 PLUS CLUB
P.O. Box 6741
San Francisco, CA 94101
(415) 552-1997
Social club for men and women over 40.

GALAXY RETIREMENT, INC.
3507 - 23rd St.
San Francisco, CA 94110
(415) 648-8678
Gay and Lesbian Accommodations for the Experienced in Years. Senior housing.

GIRTH & MIRTH
LOS ANGELES
P.O. Box 19520
Los Angeles, CA 90019
Big Men's Club

GIRTH & MIRTH
SAN FRANCISCO
P.O. Box 528
San Francisco, CA 94101-0528
Big Men's Club

GLOE
1853 Market St.
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 626-7000
Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders. Senior social organization with many special interest and support groups.

GOLDEN GATE CONNECTION
P.O. Box 2328
Daly City, CA 94017-2328
Big Men's Club

MR. MIKE'S
Los Feliz ~~NOW CLOSED~~ nfeliz
Los
[illegible]

NCGA
P.O. Box 2866
Vista, CA 92083
North County Gay Association A social organization.

ROMAN HOLIDAY HEALTH CLUB
14435 Victory Blvd.
Van Nuys
Spa/Sauna/Massage.

SAGE OF CALIFORNIA, INC.
P.O. Box 4071
San Diego, CA 92104
Seniors Active in a Gay Environment. Social services organization for senior gays and lesbians.

SSGLC-PROJECT RAINBOW
255 W. Hill St. #410
Los Angeles, CA 90012
(213) 621-3180
Society for Senior Gay and Lesbian Citizens. Social services organization for senior gays and lesbians.

WHITE SWALLOW
Polk Street near Clay
San Francisco
Bar

THE VULCAN STEAM AND SAUNA
805 W. Cedar St.
San Diego

THE CALIPH
5th Avenue
San Diego
Bar

THE BIG AD
44 Monterey Blvd., Box 38
San Francisco, CA 94131
A positive personals publication for the full-framed man and his admirers.

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John J. McNeill was a Jesuit for nearly forty years before being expelled from the Society of Jesus in 1987 for his views on gay and lesbian sexuality. Since 1975 he has practiced psychotherapy in New York City.

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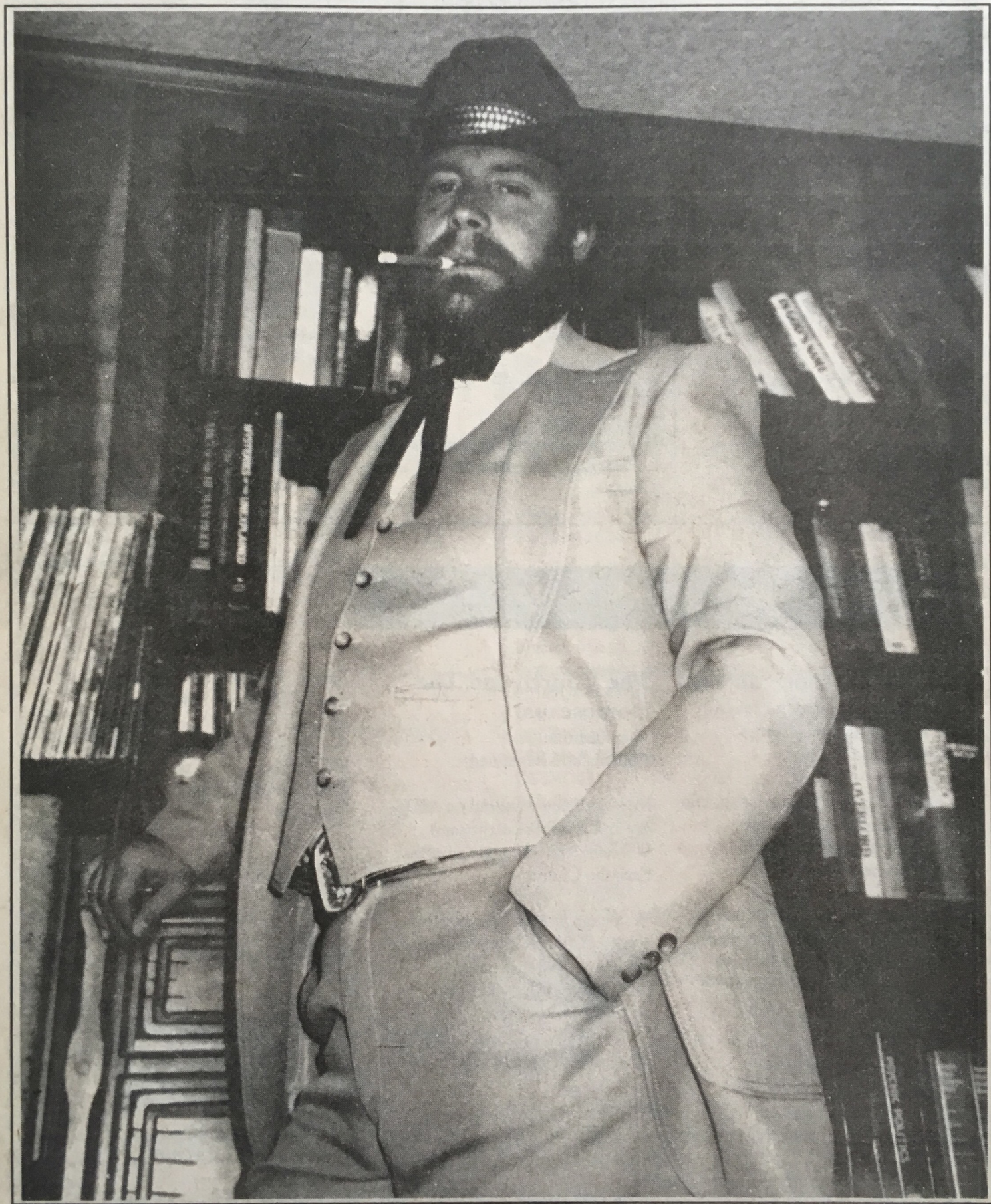
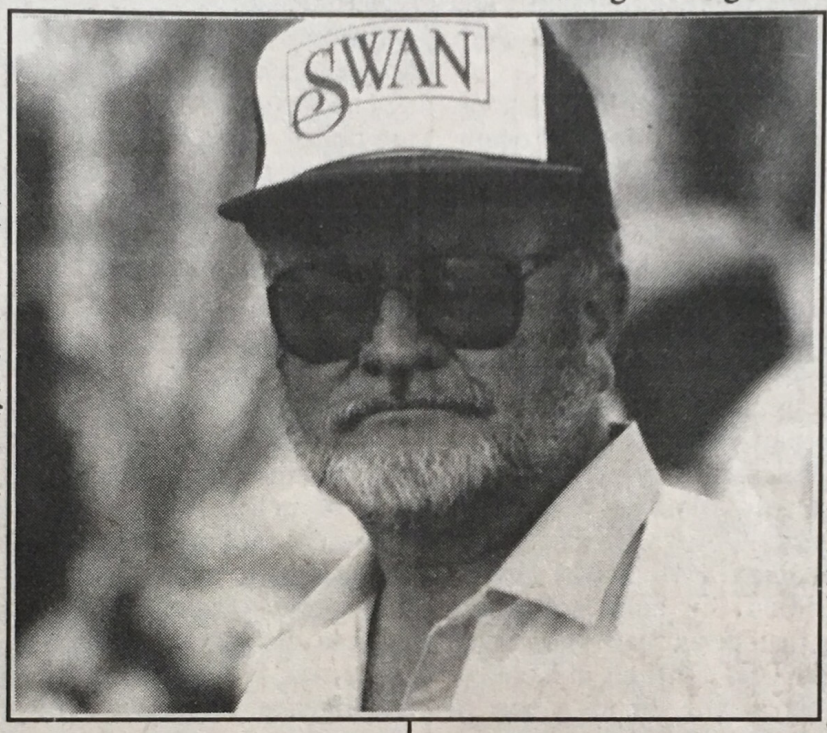


He's a 36-year-old musician from Las Vegas who's into long distance bicycling and skiing (water and snow). He's 5'-10", 200# and likes senior men with facial hair, silver heads and uncut equipment.

BOOK REVIEW

JOHN J. McNEILL

COMING OUT UNDER FIRE: THE HISTORY OF GAY MEN AND WOMEN IN WORLD WAR TWO
by Allan Bérubé
The Free Press, Division of McMillan
Hard cover, 377 pages, $22.95



In 1942, when I was still seventeen years old, I took a Specialized Training Program test set up by the U.S. Congress for the U.S. Army. The test, if I passed it, supposedly would have qualified me to be trained as an engineer for army service. When I was informed that I had qualified for the program, I enlisted in the army and was sent off to Cornell University to begin my training. The whole program turned out to be a hoax. There was a shortage of manpower for the European front, which was about to be opened. Congress didn't dare try to lower the draft age below eighteen. So tens of thousands of us seventeen-year-olds, an extraordinary number of us gay, were lured into enlisting early with the bait of specialized training.

Among the group I ended up with at Cornell was a large number of gay men, several of whom are my friends to this day, although in most instances we were not aware of each other as being gay until after the war. All through my time in the army I was intensely aware of my sexual attraction to other men. But my religious upbringing—my belief that God had called me to religious life—and the hostile atmosphere against gayness in the army prevented me with rare exception from acting out my feelings.

We no sooner arrived at Cornell when the army announced that the program needed reorganizing, so we were sent off to undergo basic infantry training at Fort Benning, Georgia. The day we finished basic, the army announced that it had cancelled the specialized training program and I, together with several other thousands of seventeen-year-olds, was shipped over to England as an infantryman and then sent into combat with the 87th Infantry Division of the Third Army under the command of General Patton.

During training at Fort Benning, I remember objecting during an indoctrination session on the theme of "hating the enemy," that as a good Christian, I loved my country and would serve it loyally, but I must also love my enemies and could not hate them. I had no idea at the time how much my gay sensibility played a role in that religious stand. In any case, I was in deep trouble. Everyone who completed basic training received a raise in rank to private first class. I was denied that raise and sent into combat only as a buck private.

I went into combat in the Alsace-Lorraine, close to the Germany border. I was part of a mortar squad; my task was to carry a bandoleer of mortar shells on my back and feed them to the gunner. My regiment was one of the first to cross the German border at the Saar basin. After deeply penetrating into German territory in fierce combat, we got cut off by German tiger tanks and, after a bitter battle in which many of my buddies died, I became a prisoner of war or *kriegsgefangenen*, as the Germans called us.

I still remember that day. We were pinned down in a fox hole by machine gun fire from the turret of a tank at the foot of the hill. We knew a German soldier with a grenade was crawling up within throwing distance. So we stood up, our hands high in the air, fully expecting to be shot. Sure enough, a German soldier with a potato-masher grenade a short distance away stood up and beckoned us down the hill. We were searched and then escorted back through the American artillery barrage to a collection point in a school house.

As I marched down the road I came upon a wayside cross and, in my broken German I learned at Canisius College in Buffalo, I asked permission from my guard to say a prayer. I was sure I was about to die; I remember saying an act of contrition and asking God for mercy; I felt so guilty about my gay feelings and

was afraid of death. I felt I had not known life and love yet and was much too young to die. Well, obviously the guard did not shoot me; while I prayed, he leaned on his rifle and lit up one of my Camel cigarettes. Later that day, he turned me over at an interrogation camp, where I remember spending Christmas day in a dark, isolation cell without food or drink, listening to Bing Crosby singing, "I'm Dreaming Of A White Christmas," over and over again for twenty-four hours. The Germans were experts at exquisite torture; I can't tolerate that song to this day.

The next six months were sheer hell: starvation, beatings, psychological torture, threats of death, forced marches. When I was liberated on the 2nd of May, 1945, I weighed only about 80 pounds and required long hospitalization before I was able to eat a regular meal once again. Several months later, Congress passed another law giving all POWs a raise in rank; majors went to lieutenant colonels, lieutenants to captains, etc. I was informed by my superior officer that, although he did not think I deserved it, I was raised from buck private to private first class.

What caused this rash of nearly fifty-year-old memories was a book I was asked to review for CHIRON RISING: *Coming Out Under Fire: The History of Gay Men and Women in World War Two* by Allan Bérubé. In my opinion, this book is absolute must reading for any gay man or woman who served during WWII or even in the later conflicts in Korea or Vietnam. I guarantee that it will stir up a host of memories in a very healing and empowering way.

The book deals with gays in the services on two levels. First of all, it tells the story of high level policy making, for the most part in the Defense Department in Washington, D.C., concerning gay and lesbian volunteers, recruits and members in the armed services. It demonstrates without doubt how much the homophobia of the military determined its policies and how those policies which have no rational basis except homophobia continue to this day, influencing the whole cultural climate and resulting in untold injustice and suffering for the last fifty years.

At the beginning of WWII, the traditional policy of the armed forces vis-a-vis the homosexual was to charge anyone found indulging in same-sex activity as a sodomist and sentence them to from ten to fifteen years of hard labor in the army or navy stockade. When the draft began to build the armed forces to their maximum number of fifteen million, the chiefs of staff turned to a group of psychiatrists to help it work out its policies concerning gay draftees. Although there was no evidence to support their contention—in fact plenty of evidence to the contrary—both the army and the navy insisted on continuing their policy of excluding all gay people as "bad soldiers, security risks and threats to troop morale."

These psychiatric consultants, among them such famous names as Karl Menninger, Winfred Overholzer and Harry Stack Sullivan (himself a gay man), were content to try to mitigate the harsh penal attitude toward gay men and women. They succeed in convincing the chiefs of staff to deal with gay people as ill; i.e., as sexual psychopaths who should be hospitalized rather than imprisoned, and then given medical discharges as "undesirable." Having accepted the medical model, the chiefs of staff became fearful that large numbers of men would try to escape wartime service by the false claim that they were homosexual. Consequently, they decided to make the discharge process as difficult as possible. The resulting policy was a compromise between the vindictive homophobia of the policy makers and their desperate need for "cannon fodder."

There was a general tendency during wartime to be tolerant of gay soldiers or sailors. Figuring that ten percent of all draftees were gay, the armed services were dealing with 1,500,000 gay people. According to Bérubé, only about four to five thousand draftees were officially rejected as homosexual.

As soon as peace returned, however, the military became very intolerant and punitive in their treatment of men and women accused of being gay. Those who were caught having sex, or who were rounded up in systematic witch hunts at stateside or overseas bases, or who asked for help coping with homosexuality in the services, found themselves fighting another war for their own survival. Army and navy intelligence personnel were sent into gay bars and meeting areas and used entrapment to catch gay service people.

Merely being homosexual or having such "tendencies" exposed gay men and women to mistreatment. They found themselves confined to "queer stockades" or hospital wards. They were interrogated by intelligence officers about their sex lives, locked up, physically abused and subjected to systematic humiliation in front of other soldiers. Interrogation officers extracted confessions and the names of other homosexuals by systematically destroying a suspect's emotion defenses. After interrogation, if the person confessed (and they were threatened with court martial and imprisonment if they did not confess) they were issued the infamous "blue" or undesirable discharge, deprived of all G.I. benefits and forced to submit their discharge papers to their local draft board or any employer so that the reason for their discharge would be known in their home town. Over ten thousand gay men and women underwent this process. That still leaves approximately 1,490,000 gay men and women who served in the armed forces in WWII and were honorably discharged.

As Bérubé points out, by the time the war was over, the lives of gay soldiers were changed in fundamental ways. The massive mobilization for WWII relaxed the social constraints of peacetime that had kept gay men and women unaware of themselves and

each other, "bringing out" many in the process. Gathered together in military camps, they began to come to terms with their sexual desires. They fell in love, made friends with other gay people and developed a special style and language—"camp"—as instruments of survival. They discovered and contributed to the rich gay nightlife that flourished in the war-boom cities. Being unwilling or unable to go home again following the war, they began to form the gay communities that exist to this day in places like San Francisco, New York, etc.

Those gays who survived combat experience began to understand how much they were needed and valued by the people they liberated, the military organization and their comrades-in-arms. Their experience powerfully challenged the stereotype that portrayed gays as poor soldiers. One special contribution that gays made to the war effort was in the field of entertainment. After the success of the show, "This is the Army, Mr. Jones," gays were in demand everywhere in the military to put on drag shows which became the primary wartime form of entertainment and morale booster in the services. I can still remember doing my best Rise Stevens, singing "L'Amour" from the opera *Carmen* on the poop deck of the Queen Elizabeth on our way over to Europe.

WWII veterans "expanded the closet to its limits," creating the gay communities, bars, clubs and meeting places that would be the well-springs of the gay liberation movement. They did not parade their homosexuality in public, but neither were they willing to live lonely and isolated lives. Those gay veterans who fought with the government to upgrade their undesirable discharges began to define their struggle as one for justice and equal rights, ideas that became prerequisites for future political movements.

I am personally grateful to God that I survived prisoner-of-war camp and eventually regained my health. Following the war I joined the Jesuit order and spent forty years in ministry. For the last twenty years, I have been engaged in another war, this time against the internal enemy of homophobia. I helped found Dignity, an organization for gay Catholics, and published my two works: *The Church and the Homosexual* and *Taking a Chance on God: Liberation Theology for Gays and Lesbians, Their Lovers, Families and Friends*. I undertook an affirming outreach to gays and lesbians, trying to help them to integrate their spiritual life with a positive acceptance of themselves as gay. I spoke out in conscience against the hatred of gays disguised as "moral judgment" in my church and in my country. This time around, I did receive a "dishonorable discharge" from the Church that deprived me of all benefits after forty years of service. Once again I have the privilege of playing a role in fighting for the soul of my country—a country that I dream some day we can all be proud of without reservation—gay and straight alike—because it will be a country that stands for freedom and justice for all.

FATHER JOHN J. McNEILL, distinguished author, priest and psychotherapist, resides in New York state with his wonderful partner of many years. On August 13, 1990, Father McNeill was awarded the 1990 Humanitarian Award from the Association of Lesbian and Gay Psychologists.

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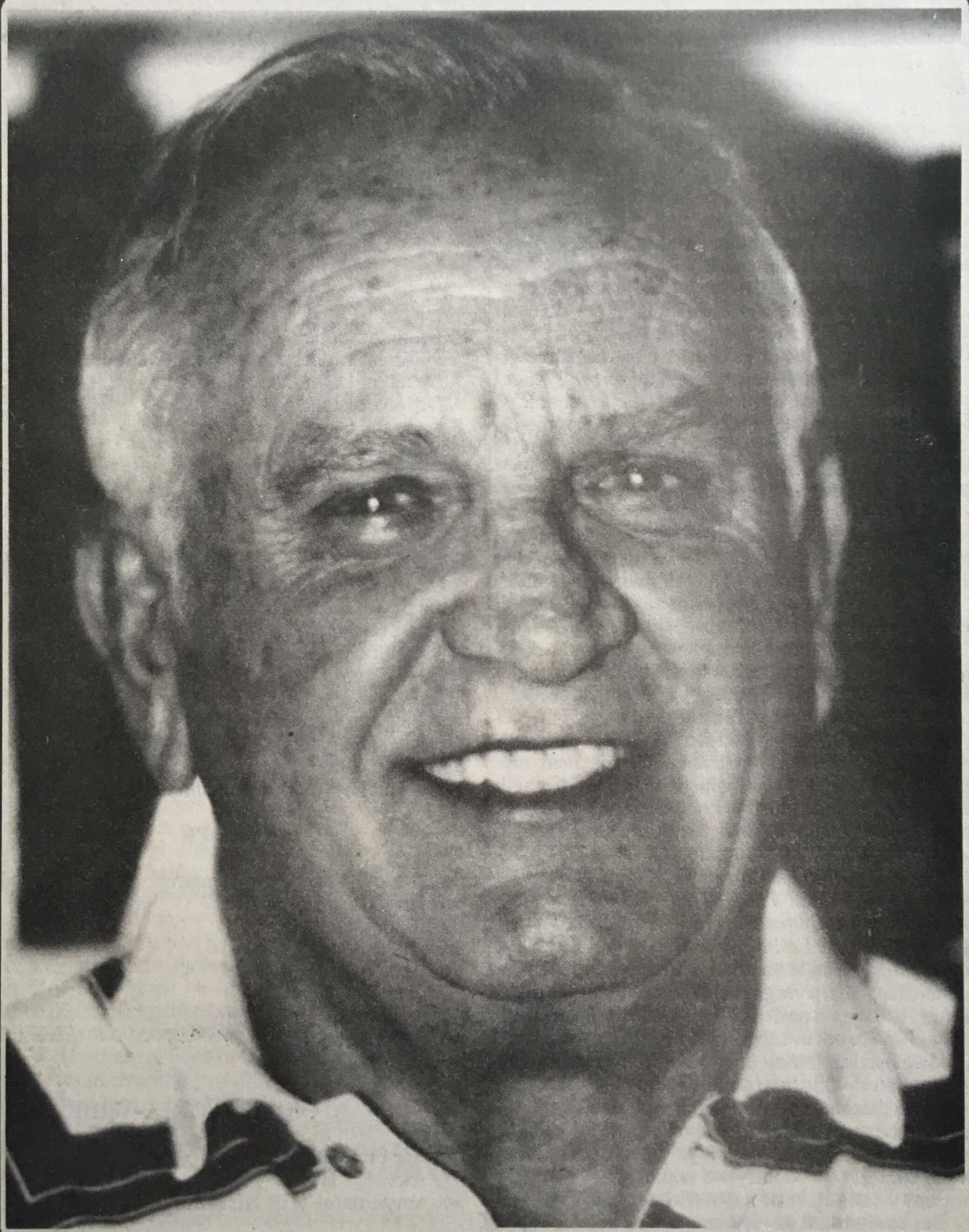


This California High Desert senior is a widower who's new to the game but eager to learn.

TWICE AROUND THE TRACK

fiction by E.A. AMOS

The moment Gerald came through the door he could s m e l l it: not really decayed, and not coming from any particular direction, but bitter, faintly sickening, filling the air with musk . . . the carrion smell of the hotel apartment building breathing out in the heat of the first warmth of spring.

Filthy, littered, the place of his imprisonment was exposed, ugly enough to raise gooseflesh. The walls were like a grey ash pile, streaked with rain marks, gouged plaster testifying to the many tenants who had moved in and out of the old hotel. The hall carpet was worn, the tacks had rusted through with black stains. Even a tiny square of sun filtering down the skylight couldn't brighten the gloom.

With his packed suitcase at his side, a paper bag dangling in his hand, Gerald waited, leaning against his cane.

At last his lover came, and when he took Gerald's suitcase and paper bag and there was nothing left to do but go, Gerald faltered, turning to face the closed door of the apartment, fighting a desolating urge to cry. He felt Phil's hand on his shoulder and he knew all of his friends were standing behind him in a neat line, like rows of buildings. Catching his lower lip under his teeth, he bit down hard on its trembling. He went around to shake one sweaty hand after the other, seeing in each face something making it all the harder to say something easy . . . . Good-bye.

They looked somber or cheerful or shy and said things like, "Here's to your thirty-first anniversary. Take care, you love birds. Be sure and have us up for brunch." They had been his only family since he and Phil had moved into the resident hotel nearly twenty years ago. He had cooked them stews on the hot plate, sat with their kids when they went to play Bingo, lanced their boils, listened to their dreams. Now it was like a family parting at the grave side after a funeral.

Gerald had begun to cry quite openly. He wiped at his burning eyes with his knuckles and forced a laugh. "I will, I will, Bobbie, Marion, Queen Clobelle. I won't forget you, any of you."

He couldn't help but speak their names, as if to name them was to insure their permanence on his memory. But he knew though he might see them, or some of them, they were friends lost for good. They had already gotten notice: move out of the building. Complete renovation for new condos. Yogurt shops, a boutique. An array of upscale street level shops. Views.

They had three months in which to relocate. Most were staying to the final day before quitting their homes, the only homes they had ever known. As for Gerald and Phil they were leaving first. Gerald hadn't seen the housing development but the senior housing group had nothing but praise for it. Gerald recalled the anger in Phil's face when the man said they would absolutely love it. It was fabulous. Very San Francisco! Phil had excused himself to go into the bedroom for his pipe. In the days that followed the social worker's visit, Phil had steadfastly avoided giving Gerald assurance that the move was what he wanted too.

Gerald, glooming down from the stair landing, saw the cab driver shift nervously. Turning his back, he limped toward the elevator. The wooden, scarred doors took forever to shut. "So long," he cried, more into the emptiness of the elevator than to the faces. The single shout of their voices was chopped off. He heard only the monotonous whine of the electric motor as the cable lowered them to the lobby for the last time.

Gerald stepped out of the elevator, followed by Phil. The lobby of the hotel was vacant. Sun streamed in through grime-covered windows, casting elongated shadows across the bare floor. About the semicircle of chairs before a darkened television set, dust filtered in restless perpetual motion. Near the door late afternoon papers lay scattered. Quickly, now, they stepped out onto the street. The air was heavy with coffee roasting, leather tanning and cars belching out. Gerald breathed deeply as if to sample the worst.

A wisp of a little girl played jacks by herself in the shadow of a large moving van. She looked up. "Hi, you movin' too?"

Gerald glanced down. "What did you say?"

"We're movin' away Friday. We gotta place with a big yard. I get to have a dog. You gonna have a big yard where you goin'?"

Gerald, with narrowed eyes, saw the lilac bushes by the back porch of his mother's house, heard a screen door slam. On the clothes line, laundry languished in a warm summer breeze. He played catch with an old tennis ball. Listened to the Green Hornet, tasted the greenness of the yard in his mouth as he rolled over and over in the grass. It was a dream that occurred very frequently to him. Now he thought that it had always been a part of his life. He sighed. "Sure, I'll have a dog. I'll call him Bertram and he'll be the sweetest dog on the block."

The cabbie tossed their suitcase in the trunk. He drummed his fingers against the steering wheel, anxious to get rid of them and pick up another fare. No tip money out of these old types.

The street child laughed, her body shaking. Clutching in on

her skinny sides, she giggled. "That's a weird name for a dog!"

Gerald wanted to kneel down beside her, touch her soot-covered face, feel the hot pavement burn through her thin shoes. He shook his head angrily. The wind blew in from the sewage treatment plant. *Poisoned,* he told himself, and dragged it deep into his lungs. He looked up and saw his lover standing by the cab, his black rag of a coat wrapped about his shoulders. From his stiffness Gerald could tell something was bothering him. He leaned on Phil's arm as he helped him into the cab. Gerald waved to the child and saw the wind make cat's paws in her hair. "Bow wow!," he cried out to the little girl. "Bow wow!"

The forward lurch of the cab pressed him back against the seat. He was aware of Phil's eyes scanning him. Phil's voice came to him as if from far away.

"Remember when we first came to the Lincoln Hotel? First night we sat around with the girls and talked our foolish heads off until dawn."

Something in his voice irritated Gerald. Of course he hadn't forgotten. Both of them had made out with the most gorgeous hunk. Shit, it had only been yesterday, or last week . . . or had it ever happened? Gerald shifted slightly. "The trick liked me better."

"So who gives a fuck?" Phil shot back.

Gerald appraised the surliness in Phil's voice and judged some of it was general disgust and some of it aimed at him. "Well, you were quite active that night. Anyway, it was a relief to find new friends."

A tear splashed on Gerald's tie. Phil was looking sideways at him in alarm. Gerald turned his face away and stared out into the blur. Tall buildings blended into one giant slab, effectively sealing off the bay's view. As the cab bumped down the narrow street, Gerald felt the antagonism between them. Was Phil blaming him for not wanting to move to the new apartment building? What did he expect him to do? At one time Gerald might have joined the fight but now he felt too defeated, too tired. He had to make Phil see his point.

Phil rested his hand on Gerald's arm. "Would you like to walk awhile? Maybe some fresh air will make you feel better."

He still doesn't understand that it wasn't leaving the old place that mattered, thought Gerald. It was the city, the dirt and, he guessed, just the plain miserableness of life. Before he could answer, he heard Phil telling the cab driver to stop in front of a small park. Phil held open the door. Gerald struggled to rise up from the seat, but was too weak. He allowed Phil to help him from the cab and up the steps into the park. They sat down on a bench facing a debris-clogged pool. All of him threatened to spill out on the ground, crawl about in the filth, searching for a place to hide. Phil pulled Gerald's head onto his shoulder, touching his thin grey hair.

For a long time, neither spoke, just letting the sun sink into their chilled bones, letting love flow back and forth. Finally, Phil spoke. "I wonder where all these pigeons go during winter when it rains so much?"

The question was rhetorical, so Gerald only sighed. It felt good to lean against Phil, to feel the rise and fall of his body as he gulped in the warm air. Behind them were twenty years in the Lincoln Hotel. When they first moved in, it already had begun to suffer with neglect. It was modest enough for them to live comfortably on what they made from the antique shop. Often they had discussed moving out of their cramped four rooms to a better place, but somehow there was never enough money for the home they wanted. Then Gerald had fallen and his hip never properly mended. Medical bills piled up, further depleting their meager income. The anticipated move from the hotel never materialized, but they had adjusted. They had each other. Now that they were being evicted, Gerald felt resentful, angry at Phil and the world.

The park was nearly deserted. Suddenly, a skinny hound bounded up the steps and paused to raise its leg against a garbage pail. Across the park, its owner whistled. A flock of pigeons scattered into the air as the dog raced through them, snapping and leaping. One pigeon, staggered by a row of teeth ripping through its wing, flopped about on the ground. At the man's shouts to kill, the spotted hound grabbed the bird by its back and, with a toss of its head, sent the pigeon flying into the pool.

The man uncoiled a chain leash and whirled it over his head, toward a tree. Flocks of birds flew off in all directions, dipping wildly to avoid the deadly whirring of the chain.

Gerald pushed himself from the bench. He shook his cane, his face red, his voice shrill. "Stop it! Stop that, you bastard!"

An unwary pigeon soared too close and the man again let fly with the chain. The bird fluttered to earth and, in a flash, Gerald snatched it up. The hound circled around him, barking and leaping high into the air in an effort to reach the bird in Gerald's upraised arms. The dog ceased circling and gathered its strength for one mighty leap.

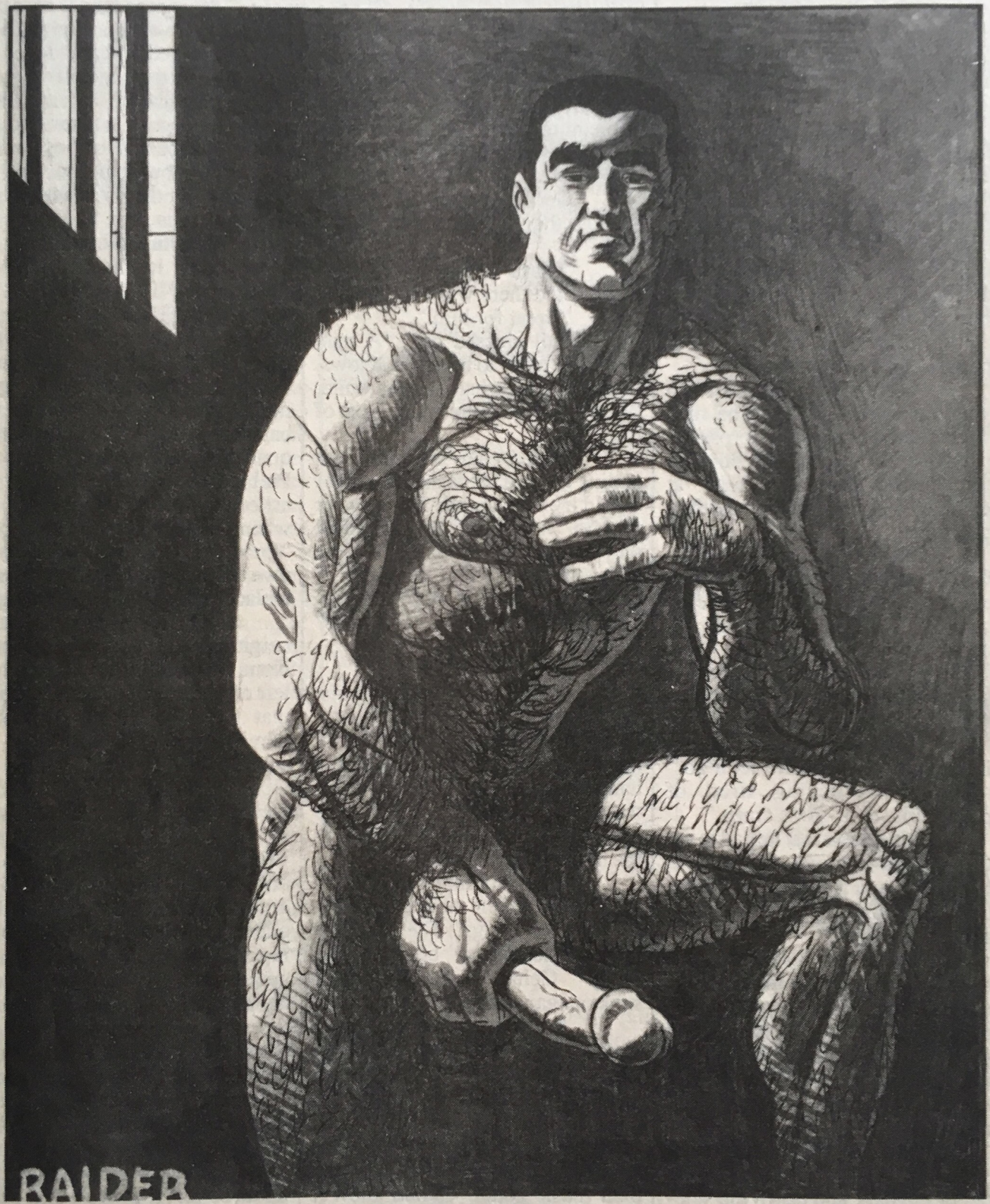
The young man raced up and grabbed his dog behind the neck. "What the hell you trying' to do, old man? That dog will rip your throat like paper!"

Gerald shoved the frightened bird inside his jacket. "What in Christ did these birds ever do to you? Fuck off!" he cried.

The man towered over Gerald. His face was pale, pocked with acne scars. "Oh, man, you're askin' for it. What'd they do? They killed my brother. They gave him AIDS. That's what my uncle said. He got AIDS from those pigeons!"

As the pigeon pressed close

R A D E R



RADER (previously known as RAIDER) is 30 and has always been into older men. His spouse is 45. A professional artist in the Saturday morning cartoon biz, he's blazed trails the erotic genre, having been published in DRUMMER, I.T., The ADVOCATE and FIRST HAND. Look for his illustrated novel collaboration with P.H. Colley in CR's upcoming NOVEMBER SPECIAL.

to Gerald's body, he could feel its heart thumping. It struggled to find an opening and pecked at him when he slipped his hand inside to reassure it. He said, "That's a stupid thing to say! Even more stupid than trying to kill birds with a chain. Jesus, you must be from under a rock!"

"What the fuck are you, a faggot doctor? I say they did."

Gerald scowled down at the dog, which curled back its teeth over black gums. Its tail greedily wagged when its name was spoken; when its lips hung high on a dry tooth, it growled through a twisted grin.

"That cur belongs in a pound," snapped Gerald.

"Screw you, old man. Up your ass with a rod!" The man yanked the yelping dog across the park and out into the street. He turned and screamed back at Gerald, "You're a fuckin' old faggot, too!"

Phil was shaking. "Shit, Gerald, sit down, sit down! What are you doing this for? Stop being a fool!" He handed Gerald his cane.

"That man's a bastard, a son of a bitch! If he has a sister, she's probably a whore."

"Just a minute, Gerald. Let it go, man. Sweetheart, let it go."

"I'm fucking tired of people like that. He's crazy."

Phil knew that he had to get Gerald calmed down. If he didn't, he might have a coronary. "What are you going to do with the pigeon, set it free?"

Gerald put his hand inside his sweater, touching the bird. He ran his fingers over its back and the bird relaxed as if it had found safety. "I'm keeping it. If I let it go, that dog or that asshole will only kill it. If not them, a cat or something."

Phil shrugged. Picking up their suitcase, he followed Gerald out of the park and down the sidewalk. "What does it matter, Gerald? There are lots of them. Besides, we can't have pets. Remember, they said no pets."

"Okay, Phil, okay." Gerald caught the apprehension in Phil's voice. "Are you getting hungry?" he asked.

"A little." Hesitating, he continued. "Marion was telling me yesterday about a new apartment on Leavenworth. Said it was real nice. Something maybe we could afford. There's a wrinkle bar near by . . . a video store . . . a little market."

Gerald interrupted. "Don't suppose they'll have trouble filling them."

"Mario's moving in next week. Said there was one left."

"Great for him."

Phil pressed on. "A man should be close to things he knows. I mean, it will be hard to get around, stuck out there at the point. Lots of fog."

Gerald knew what Phil was aiming for and he wished his lover would try to make the move easier for him. Why didn't he understand they would be better off. Two bedrooms and a rent subsidy. A chance to save a little money. "Shall we catch the bus or a cab?" he asked.

"Doesn't matter."

Gerald didn't reply. In the early evening the street was nearly deserted. His hip felt better than it had for a long time. He took Phil's hand and they shuffled slowly toward Hyde Street. When Phil didn't return his smile, he asked, "Is the suitcase getting heavy?"

"No. Not much in it."

"I hope the movers are careful with our things. They seem to always manage to break something." Gerald wished he hadn't spoken again about the move.

As they sat down on a green bench at the bus stop, he heard Phil's breath leave his body as he leaned back. Somehow it made him sad. They had been together for so many years. They knew each other, worked in tandem. Still, where had their music gone? Gerald knew it was there, always would be, only more golden.

He spoke softly. "The pigeon is still."

"It's a wild thing, Gerald. Best to release it. It may have a family somewhere."

"I want to take it with me."

The walk and Gerald being nearly attacked by a maddened dog hadn't taken the edge off whatever was bothering Phil. He said, "Hey, maybe we have to move to that place. Maybe it's the best thing, a good thing, but you don't have to drag along a dirty rat with wings. Like the rules say: no pets in Mr. Clean's apartment house."

Now it was out. Phil did blame him. "The world won't end for us there, Phil. Where else are we going? What do you want? Something's really eating at you?" Phil's stern face told him to say no more. He drew in his breath that caught a little . . . a sigh for their quarreling, for whatever bothered Phil so deeply that he sat inert and asked of him the impossible. But when Gerald spoke, he avoided it. "Look, my love, you'll have your own room, a shower, some privacy, a place to fuss with your stamps."

"Oh, sure. Nothing in the neighborhood. No book shops. None of the old crowd, or what's left of it. No good cafés. Look, if that place had a clue about us they'd say, 'Get lost, you two aunties.'"

Shamed, Gerald turned his face into his coat collar. "Honey let's not crab at each other. You bet I'm glad to be getting out of that dump. You know I really didn't notice it until last winter. All the cracks, the roaches. Then when my hip didn't mend so swell I couldn't get out, I began to hate it. We've been through a lot over the time. I didn't want to tell you I was glad when they told us we had to move. Hated them, but glad in a way."

A breeze scattered dust and wrappers about them. Now darkened windows became alive with light, and shapeless shadows crept about behind drawn shades. A man standing a block away blared out a warning about sinners' impending doom and the destruction of

wicked San Francisco.

Phil removed his jacket and spread it over Gerald's shoulders. "You don't suppose it will happen that way, do you? I mean God being so unjust?"

Gerald appraised Phil's tone. His lover was feeling better. For that matter, so was he. But he knew he must get Phil moving again. The quicker they moved in, the quicker Phil would adjust. At last, he stood and waited for Phil to furnish him the strength to continue.

"Gerald," Phil said, and their eyes locked in a searching scan.

Gerald said nothing, because he dared not. They were like a river and a dam. He wanting to move to the new housing, Phil back to the old neighborhood. It reminded Gerald of a movie he once saw about a track star who had gone twice around the track and was about to win his race when a cramped muscle pulled him up short of the finish line. Gerald feared the potential weakening of his determination. He felt the softening that could start him leaning toward Phil's side of their never fully realized argument.

"Gerald, Gerald, the love of my life, listen to me."

Gerald made a wordless sound that in his ears seemed shattering. "We must go, Phil. It's getting cold."

Phil blurted out: "You know what we really should do? Live a little. Like move out of San Francisco, down to Florida and maybe one of those old queen places. Mario said they had one, just for old fags like us. Even if they don't, who cares? We need an adventure."

Gerald was surprised at Phil's impulsive suggestion. "But how in hell, Phil?"

"Borrow the money. Sell off a few things."

"Go into debt just to move?"

"Our insurance policies. The breakfront. Who's around to leave it to? We've given up a lot just to hang onto the policies, the antiques. We haven't got anybody but us. It'd be a fresh start, like it was thirty years ago. Come on, Gerald. What do you say?"

Despite himself, he was drawn toward Phil's idea. "Maybe we could. Maybe we could just do it." He suddenly shook his head. "Hell, we're too old for that sort of thing. I mean . . . Phil, it's crazy."

Phil tousled Gerald's hair, held his hands in his and his words skipped off into the night. "What do you say, man? Say yes, Gerald. Say yes!"

"How long," Gerald said. "How long you been thinking this way?"

"It's been a dream, Gerald . . . for us."

"You never mentioned it to me. Why Florida?"

"Why? Don't old people dream of going there? Hey, Gerald, any place but California. Adventure! To be honest, I was afraid to move out of the old neighborhood and all that. Well, the yuppies want it. Let them go at it. It's not too late for us to do something wonderful, something brash. Maybe a last hurrah, so to speak." He nudged Gerald and broke into a wide grin.

Gerald escaped his stare, shifted nervously to accommodate the pigeon snuggled in the darkness at his waist. Slipping his hand inside, he brought the bird out. With a gentle toss of his hand, the bird flapped away. Glancing down, he saw by his foot a dandelion, a thing so tender in the mass of asphalt, that he cried out, "Look at that, will you?"

"A dandelion," Phil said, bending and snipping the flower from its stem. He fastened it to Gerald's coat lapel. He bent his head to sniff.

Its fragrance was only a faint mildness, Gerald thought, but maybe enough to cover the scent of carrion. His eyes came up, found Phil watching him steadily, still grinning. "You really think we could do it?" he asked.

"I know. I know we could. Let's live a little before we get to that gay place in the sky."

"It's a strange way for us to be talking. I feel so tired, just push myself to do the simplest things." Gerald felt as if he might break out crying.

"Our new frontier, Gerald. It's what we need . . . what I need."

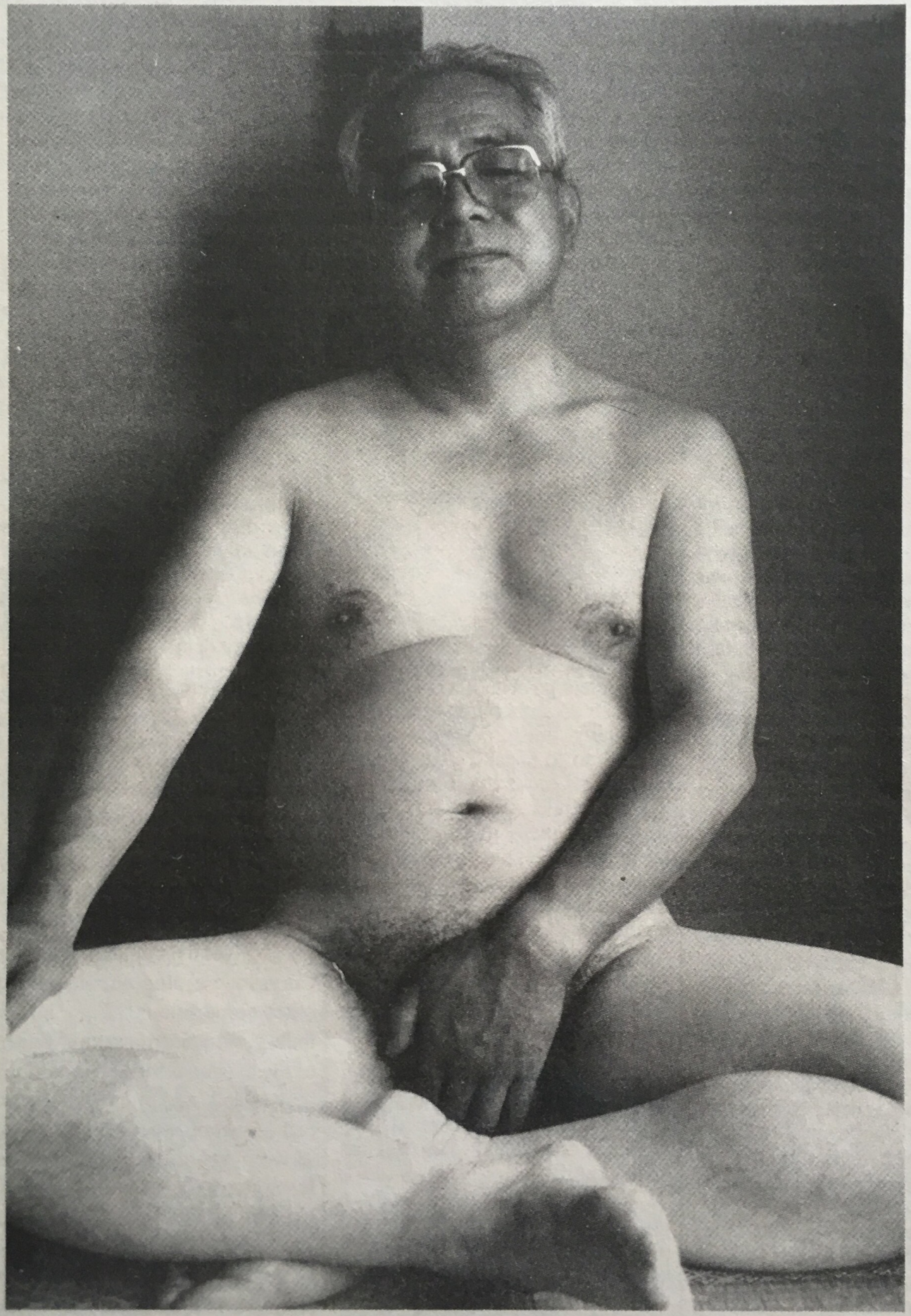
Beyond and above him, three or four stories high, Gerald saw a man standing on the fire escape. His white undershirt showed a blue glow from the neon lights. Gerald could almost smell his pipe, the grease of his jeans, the beans and hocks boiling in a pot on the stove inside. There was music in his ears, his lost music regained and coming from everywhere, just like the movies. "Our friends would think we've Alzheimer's," he said. "Hey, lover man, how much do you figure we'll need?"

Gerald removed the dandelion and held it against Phil's face. He smiled. "Yellow isn't your cup of tea, my dear."

E.A. AMOS was born in Iowa, brought up in Idaho and has lived in Monterey for the last 27 years. A 58-year-old Pisces, he loves San Francisco and Mexico. This is his first work of fiction for CR.

NO ONE SELLS IT LIKE THE BOSS

Wendy's does it. So does Chrysler, Remington and several other corporations. They all use their good-looking, senior owners or top executives to sell their products. Well, add one more top executive--probably the best looking of them all--to the list. Check out Royal Appliance's president on page 84 of Modern Maturity's latest issue. Since you can't find this magazine at the bookstores, see if some AARP member will show you his.



THE MEN OF KAIMEI KAN

KENN RICHIE

I'M NEGATIVE

The story of how I spent my summer vacation would be one of those tiresome hospital comic operas. Don't panic, I'll not repeat it here. Suffice it to say, I'm fine; the male nurse was a hunk and Jello still wiggles. The HIV test one may have included with all those other blood tappings, turned out negative.

I'd had the test while in the hospital two years ago, but was especially anxious to repeat it now. This, not because an abundance of passionate encounters caused concern, nor was I eager due to the common sense factor that new discoveries give hope to AIDS cases detected early. (There's no longer much controversy about having the test regularly.) I was anxious so that I could report to you, my CHIRON RISING reader friends, that I'm as negative as I ever was.

It was while Jello-watching two years ago that I met my young friend, Terry. I needed someone to watch my apartment and feed the cats, and he needed a place to stay. Household policy agreements and ground rules were as simple as any nonsexual "roommate" situation. (Where is it written that gay men can't live together without romance, but simply for convenience?) The plan seemed perfect; we liked and respected one another, so Terry was established in my spare bedroom by the time I got home from the hospital.

We had to consider the fact that he had AIDS, however.

I'd be a liar if I now claimed that I never gave "danger" a thought. Living together, sharing an apartment and everything in it? Indeed, Terry's difficulty in finding a place to live was based on the fact that it's easier to say no than to think seriously about unreasonable fears. M'Gawd, we'd surely accidentally switch coffee cups or drinking glasses, the cats were certain to share their fleas with both of us, and, after all, there was only one toilet seat. Terry had heard all the bullshit fears before, and understood them enough to provide me with volumes of data on every bit of research available. The SHANTI foundation provides the truth as part of its efforts to find "buddies." Learning how foolish those fears actually were allowed me to feel comfortable, albeit a little embarrassed for having listened to such hysteria in the first place. Truth has a way of doing that.

I had strong misgivings, too, in regard to whether or not I could handle the challenges of caring for a PWA (Person with AIDS). I had no medical training or nursing skills to be able to care properly for a man if and when the disease began to manifest itself. I had never before had the experience of caring for someone who was ill. If these physical nightmares weren't enough, I had to question my ability to deal with it emotionally or psychologically. "At my age, it's natural to give a glance or two of recognition to one's mortality," I told him, "but you're so young, and you should have so much to look forward to, it seems wrong that you should be doing that."

We talked about it a great deal, and, again, the information provided by SHANTI helped to lead our discussions. We found that by being totally honest with one another, admitting our doubts and fears openly, we could accept reality together. Truth has a way of relieving those foolish fears, real and imagined, as well.

In our case, we agreed that our roommate situation would end at such time as the illness overcame him. His family, in another part of the country, was anxious to have him close. There was a sister in the medical profession who could assure he would have the best of whatever care he required. As our situation began, Terry was happy, healthy and functioning beautifully. He wanted only to enjoy life in a normal way, for as long as that might be allowed him. We were permitted to hope that might be forever, that the disease never would manifest itself, or that a cure would be found. "I love my folks and all, but I left there in order to have my own life. I don't want to go back and have them treat me like an invalid, which they would do, until I really became one. Besides, you're a better cook than my mom."

The shadow of AIDS was over us at all times, of course, and even if we managed to push it aside now and then in favor of everyday, ordinary life, there were ignorant souls determined to remind us. Our compassionate and understanding landlord was supportive, but there was at least one neighbor willing to paint, "AIDS Death Lives Here" on our door. It wasn't always happy; it wasn't always easy, but, then, what roommate situation is? Terry's taste in music was appalling. Still, the rewards so far outweighed the problems, that I count the year we had together as one of the richest I have known.

I felt valuable and useful. Having been a scatterbrained bachelor all my life, I'd never before known the warmth and the worth of being asked to take a few minutes to offer some fatherly advice. Instead of snarling at the sight of each new gray hair, I heard a young voice say, "I think it looks nice."

When I found myself clock-watching at three in the morning, trimming a fingernail in my teeth at the same time, I began to know what REAL "Daddies" were. I scolded myself for that, but I liked the feeling.

Terry brought youth and vitality back into my home and my life at a time when I was willing to let it fade. At the same time, I was able to bring a sense of

companionship and security into his life at a time when his peers were afraid to shake his hand. If growing older teaches us about rejection and loneliness over a slow period of time, PWA learn it quickly. We were good for each other, we understood one another. I'd seen many personal ads that read, in part, "seeks younger," and only thought them a bit of harmless fantasy or folly. When I embraced a young man on a nonsexual basis, I learned another truth that destroyed some old ideas.

"Jeez, what's it like to get old? I mean, where you start thinking of all the things you've never done, and start wondering how much time you have left?" The question was asked by a young man who is no longer with us. I like to think my answer helped him. Truth has a way of doing that.

I've talked of this with several friends, and I hope I'm speaking to more here. Many I've told about Terry have nice homes and spare rooms; most of them have an abundance of caring, loving affection to give to an other-than-sexual relationship. All too many of these friends have no one to watch a late night clock over, nor to tell them their gray hair looks nice. "But, I'm so frightened of AIDS," they respond.

I've just had another HIV test, and I'm still as negative as I've always been. I especially wanted to tell you that. ▭

KENN RICHIE is one of the finest and most prolific fiction writers in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he "wrote the book." This Los Angeles senior is an award-winning playwright and has written an amazing number of screenplays which went on to become movies. His heart is with us, however. A powerfully insightful man, he is one of our best supporters and blesses us with possibly his most important works: his outstanding opinion pieces.

THE PHANTOM photo by KENT JUSTICE

He's a Renaissance Man who lives on the Gulf Coast, where he creates in clay and stone as well as in words of fiction. He's 65, goes for men in their 30s and 40s and is still looking for that one special man.

DON'T LOOK BACK . . . by JASON P. WILLIAMS

PORNO BLUES

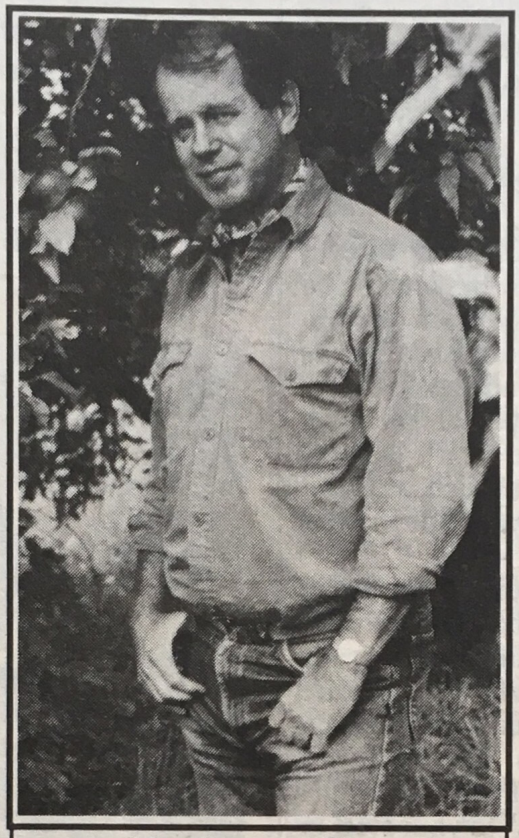
Hey, that looks like easy money! Any halfway intelligent person can write stuff like that. All you have to do is write about that hot session you had with that kinky guy from Omaha last weekend and send it in. Easy.

Not so easy. We're talking here, of course, about writing pornography for the multitude of magazines that cater to the fantasies of our unique community. There are millions of us. And most of us—maybe all of us—like to look at photos and movies of naked guys doing sexy things with one another. And all of us, or most of us, like to read stories about sexy guys doing naked things to each other. And all of us jack-off! What an audience! Built in big bucks!

So, what to do? You're not a photographer or a film maker and, besides, you don't know anybody that would do it in front of a camera for you. But you got some A's in your creative writing class in school and you *can* put two sentences together, sometimes meaningfully. After all, just how many synonyms for "thrusting" are there for God's sake?

So you sit down and write your first porno short story. It takes you about two hours to get it on paper. It takes you that long because you get all hot and bothered from the memories you've resurrected and you have to stop and, er, well . . . . Anyway, after you've cleaned yourself up, you proudly show your story to your roommate/friend/lover, who thinks it's just as hot as you do. And after he's cleaned himself up you decide to send it to one of the magazines.

Now, let's see, it's kind of kinky, so we'll send it to *Mondo Bongo* (I've changed the names of the magazines).



Months pass. You write a note, asking them about it. No answer. You decide to send your story to *Manorama* Magazine. Months pass. finally, you get a letter telling you how to submit manuscripts. (Actually, you knew this already but you thought, *it's only pornography, after all*, and didn't bother with all that stuff.) You re-format your story: white paper, double spacing, numbered pages, your name and address in the upper right hand corner. You discover the story is too long as they only accept manuscripts up to 17 pages. You shorten your story. No interruptions this time, although you're tempted. You send the manuscript again, this time with a self-addressed, stamped envelope so that they can return it to you when/if they reject it. Months pass.

Finally, you get a letter from an editor of *Mondo Bongo*, telling you he likes your story and would consider publishing it if you would revise it a little. Add tit clamps and some bondage, to be precise. A flurry of letters fly back and forth between you and the editor until you think . . . *what the fuck! This is porno! What's the big deal?* You finally write to him and tell him to forget it. You are strengthened in your resolve by the fact that *Manorama* has sent you a postcard acknowledging receipt of your manuscript.

Months pass. Finally, *Manorama* sends you a contract offering to pay you $150 for your story. Whoopee! The contract says they will pay you upon publication or 240 days, whichever comes first. You sign the contract immediately and send it back. Emboldened by this success, you write three more stories and send them to various publications. You find out from the responses that there are only about four major publishers who produce all of the 30 or 40 magazines in print. You write a couple more stories, send them in, and all bases are covered. All but one of your stories are accepted, and that one is refused because you've put a rape into it (even though the rape turns out to be a fake) which is a no-no (along with hard drugs, poppers and children, unless the events took place in the distant past when anything was okay—except the children). Yay! You're a successful porn writer!

You didn't quit your day job, did you? You wait 240 days and *Manorama* doesn't pay you. You write to them. Months pass.

Ostensibly you are a successful gay porn writer. You've gotten the hang of what sells and your rejection slips diminish to almost nil (if one publication rejects a story, send it to another one; eventually someone will take it—the porno mill has to be fed). The problem is that nobody wants to part with any cash. You continue to turn out manuscripts because you can. They're in your brain, ready to come out. The ideas are itching and need to be scratched, so you write

'em up.

Finally, two years and three months (I'm not kidding!) after you wrote your first story, it gets published in *One Hand Rapture* Magazine, a sister publication of *Manorama*, and two months later, you get a check for $150 in the mail. After that, more money comes in but, discouragingly, you have to go after it *every* time with reminder after reminder. Nobody pays on time and sometimes you *never* get paid.

Some of your manuscripts disappear forever into the black hole of porn-house in-baskets. You might not hear from them for literally years (*Mondo Bongo* has had two of my stories for almost two years now. No word, no publishing date, no check).

You try to become philosophical about all this: after all, it's not really literature . . . it's jack-off material . . . it's sleaze. Or perceived as such, anyway. But you'd like to be able to take *some* pride in your product.

After the initial pleasure of seeing your stuff in print has worn off, you require more than self-satisfaction. Like, for instance, the money the contract calls for. Just because it's the "darker side" of literature doesn't mean you have to be treated like donkey dung. After five years or so you give it up. Or you give it away. You hook onto a publication like CHIRON RISING and give them "serial rights" to your stuff in return for merchandise. Serial Rights means that after publication, the ownership reverts to you and you can subsequently peddle it elsewhere for real money.

Usually, once you've sold your stories or articles, the buyer owns *all* rights to it. They can then publish it in anthologies, or reprints, or any other goddamn thing without your having any say it it. The story is theirs forever. Not that you care, really. After all, does anybody really admire pornographers or pornography? You wish they would just send your money and then you could both get on with it, writer and publisher, hand-in-hand on the path to hell fire and damnation.

But where has the *fun* of it gone? Regretfully, down the tubes, because of economic reality.

Advice? Sure, give it a try. If I can do it, you can do it, but don't be deluded into thinking you can make a living at it. Usually, $150 is the maximum amount you can make on a short story; $75 to $100 is normal. Just ask KENN RICHIE or PUG SNIDER, two of the best, about it. If they can't make a living at it, neither can you. And take my word for it, they aren't. Think about it; do the math. If you want to make, say, $25,000 a year (an okay living, if you're frugal) and you average $100 a story, how many stories do you have to sell? See?

In the meantime, what am I doing to fill the need to get all that smut in my soul onto paper? I'm glad you asked. I just finished writing chapter 13 of my great American porn novel. Guaranteed: 15 masturbation opportunities. One straight, two lesbian, and 12 gay. I'll let you know how it's *cumming*. Har-de-har!

JASON P. WILLIAMS (aka "Jaypee") is the pseudonym of a well known writer/artist whose career in gay erotica has been enhanced artistically, if not financially, by his contributions to C-R. Jason furnishes most of the current gay publications with highly unusual, erotic fiction as well as an occasional drawing. Under his real name he is an internationally famous chubby chaser and lives in New York with his hunk of a lover of twenty years.

JAY-BE . . . A Self Portrait

He's 61, 170 cm, 65 kg and living on Gran Canaria Island. Now retired, he enjoys sports, music, good food and outdoors. He's single and enjoys his own age group, 45 and up.

VERDE

FICTION BY OCHO

Me of all people. I'm a good looking Puerto Rican with *no* accent and a degree in chemical engineering, and I was on the brink of welfare! An entire year of unemployment had gone by and I had managed to get only three interviews--all for jobs which paid a third of what I was making. And I didn't even come close!

It was obvious that employers were looking for younger, slimmer prospects, so I lost twenty pounds and took up jogging. I also had the common sense to stop drinking, smoking and eating expensive, gourmet foods. Okay, I didn't make these life style changes exclusively for the benefits of employment; I wanted to improve my social and sex lives, too.

But most of the changes were of little avail. The job interviews dried up and all my previous friends—mostly smokers and drinkers—dropped me like a stained Tucks pad. (If you were a bar fly, would *you* trust a nondrinker/smoker with no money?) I began to spend all my afternoons writing fiction and poetry, using the mornings to jog. It was as if I had gone inside a pleasant little shell. Writing occupied my mind and kept me from worrying about the future. Running released my own body's endorphin goodies, bringing me the pleasure I originally sought from alcohol.

But the running brought another form of pleasure: erotic expectation. Although most runners didn't fit my sexual ideal of stocky and older, a few did, and it was enough to lure me to a nearby forest preserve every morning. Moreover, the running trails took me by several cruisy, wooded areas and three notorious toilets. A few times I stopped to urinate in one of the toilets or wooded areas and found myself face-to-face with a sexually frustrated married man of my type. It got to the point that I would have sex virtually every time I ran, and eventually came to associate running with sex.

Although I enjoyed the sex and fed to my heart's content, I still felt lonely and found myself trying to give my name and telephone number to some of my hastily departing partners. They would smile and nod, but throw the note out of the car as they sped toward the park exit. If I tried to talk to them, they would respond with a look of horror; it just wasn't done.

One Sunday morning I awakened crying. I was about to turn 50 and had gone over ten years without a relationship. I was running out of money, too, and figured that I had enough savings to get me only through the summer. Winter loomed like a grey, hungry wolf.

I began to mentally catalog all my previous, negative relationships, remembering the anxiety, wincing at how I'd tried to mold myself to suit a man who would become nothing more than an unpleasant memory. How many times had I settled for something much less than my ideal? How many years had I squandered, hanging out in bars and toilets?

The tears continued to flow as I dressed for my morning run; I felt as if I'd suddenly become someone else. As I reached the street downstairs and began to do my stretching exercises, I sensed an undercurrent of relief in spite of my acute depression. It occurred to me that I might have become irrational and was on my way to a breakdown.

As I ran toward the Schiller Woods forest preserve eight blocks away, the feelings of desperation and loneliness gave way to intense self-anger, still with that bizarre undercurrent of relief. The anger grew and grew until it seemed to etch itself like acid in my mind. I was suddenly incapable of tears or any feelings of sorrow for myself. A vibrant strength seemed to be coursing through my body and I could hear little snippets of philosophy replaying in my head: "Learn to love yourself first. Never settle for less than number one. *Be* an island until you transform." By the time I reached the park, my eyes were dry and I somehow felt altered. I vowed no more sad, self-deceptive chapters in my life. I promised myself the best or nothing at all. It was as though some force inside me had said, "Enough!"

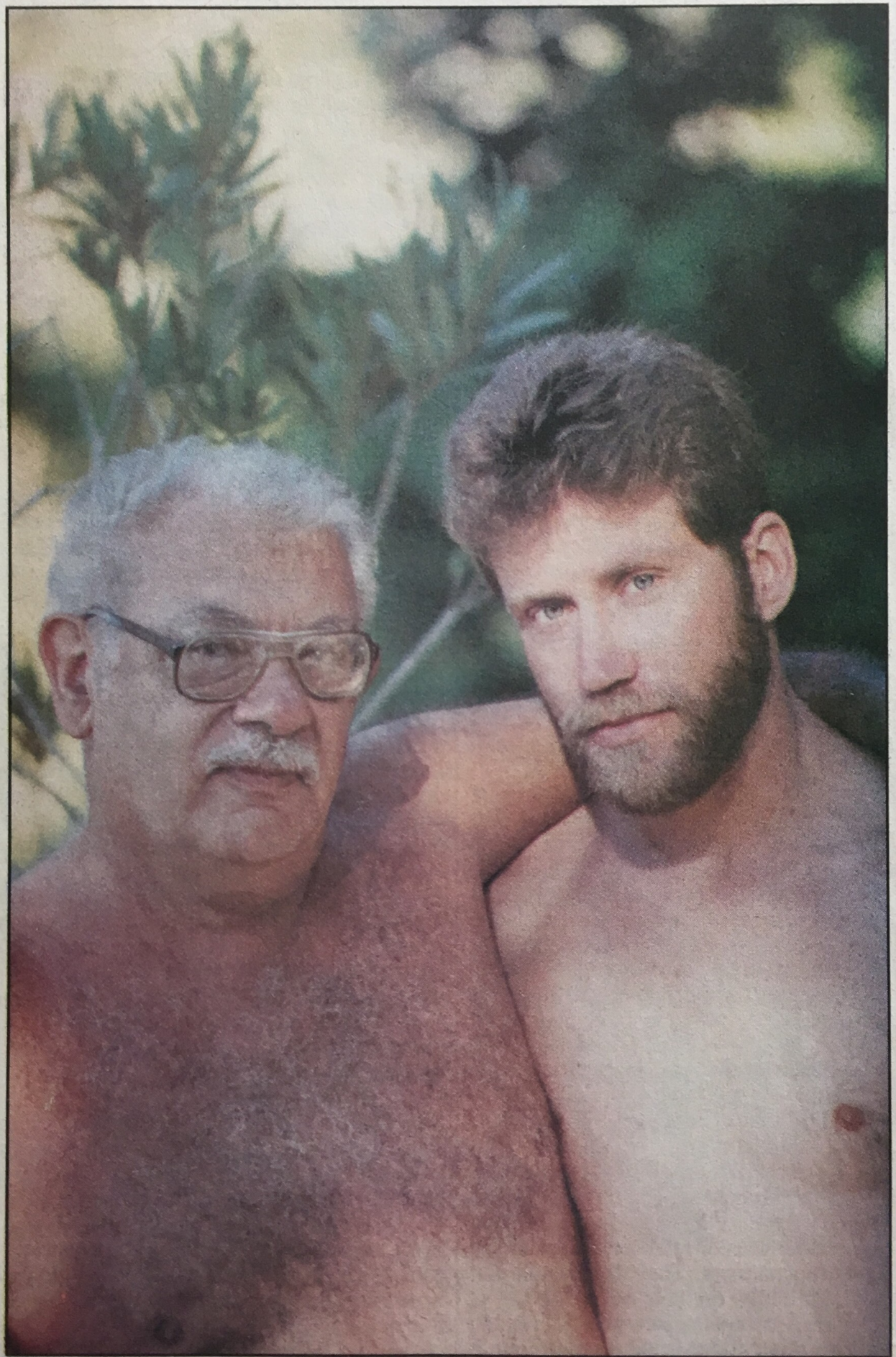
As I passed the five mile mark, the peptides in my body brought a rush of pleasure, swelling my cock. At eight miles, I slowed my gait to a fast walk and felt compelled to head for a mound-like ridge, beyond which was a remote section of woods I'd never before visited. Since there were no toilets or picnic tables in that area, few other park dwellers went there either. So why was I going there?

There was something else .... Yes, it was the mound. I'd heard there was a big flap years back when some local Indians claimed that there was a burial mound in Schiller Woods. Perhaps no one went there because they were suspicious of the area.

Reaching the small hill and the first line of trees, I slowed further, finally stopping to stretch and cool down. As I leaned against a tree to extend my hamstrings, I noticed that there was a little meadow in a depression beyond the mound. Because of the angle of the sun, it looked so incredibly verdant and lush,

(Continued on page 32)

PAPA BEAR and BEAR CUB . . . photo by P.H. COLLEY



Papa is a senior living on the Russian River among the giant redwoods. His buddy cub is in his twenties and lives near San Francisco. Both are very special, single and available.

SCHAEFFER . . . photo by NOEL

This 6'-0", 215#, 32-year-old native Texan lives in North Texas, where he works in the airline industry. He likes his men 40+ and stocky and is ready for a relationship with the right guy.

reminding me of a Brazilian rain forest. My eyes were lured to what was left of a partially decomposed tree trunk, now covered with moss. It appeared encrusted with sparkling peridots.

Entering the almost circular meadow, my muscles felt vibrant and hot; I stood in the path of the sun's rays and pissed. The sun warmed my penis and urged tumescence, sending a ripple of excitement throughout my body.

A twig broke nearby, and I turned to see an older, stocky man, standing further in the woods, groping himself. He looked like Bob Hoskins with grey hair. My heart began to pound and I shuddered as a powerful feeling of longing surfaced in my chest. The old me screamed out a charge command, giving me license to overpower and devour, but I remained stationary, milking the urine from my cock.

As I reached erection, the man slowly walked toward me, obviously nervous and wary. His big, trembling hand reached for my cock, then scanned the area with terrified, green eyes. He was one of the most ruggedly handsome men I'd ever seen, and I amazingly repressed the urge to grab and kiss him. His touch was electrifying; his chemistry, stunning. He was the quality of man I'd always longed for but never tasted. With a flash of emerald light from his eyes, he quickly fell to his knees and took my cock into his warm mouth.

I lost all sense of gravity as the delicious feeling overcame me. Gently, I ran my fingers through his short fringe and rubbed his mostly bald head. The perception of time left me and ecstasy caught me by surprise. He moaned softly as my semen spilled forth, then squeezed my buttocks. Disoriented, I hesitated offering to take care of him, even though I hungered for it. I could only stare at him, mesmerized.

Spitting out my load, he frantically pulled out his cock and masturbated between my legs as he took my flaccid cock back into his mouth. Shuddering once, he got to his feet and, looking away shyly, said, "Thanks." And then he was gone.

I stood there, a pearl of jissom oozing from my slit. Staring at the slick leaves where he had climaxed, I wondered about the taste of his semen. Fighting off the urge to run after him, I milked my cock dry and slowly made my way back to the main trail.

Incredibly, the image of his face stayed with me for hours. A remnant of his essence seemed to stay in my nostrils. Finally falling asleep, I began to dream of lying in the meadow. The sky was a deep green; the swiftly moving clouds, a dazzling silver. Soon it began to darken, and a line of black clouds drifted overhead. I could hear the sound of muted, rumbling thunder and saw flashes of light emitting from the top of the clouds. Suddenly, a screaming, crackling bolt of lightning streaked toward me, halting just above me. It hovered, now liquid-like. *Plasma?* It formed into the shape of a man, then took on *his* features. A glowing cock slipped into my mouth, sending out whistling jets of steam. Pure energy hands grasped the back of my head. His luminous eyes rolled up into his head; his mouth opened, emitting a leviathan, feral cry. Ball lightning merged with his body, then whirled about the circular meadow, finally becoming an orange tornado, ascending up into the clouds. I awakened exhausted, an ethereal taste in my mouth. It was part ozone . . . mostly sweet . . . and *alive*.

The following morning I went out to jog, hoping to run into him again. I wasn't surprised when I didn't. I felt ambivalent about my reaction to him the day before. Part of me wished that I had followed him to see what kind of car he drove, to copy down his tags. The new me applauded the restraint. Part of me grieved over the prospect of never seeing him again. The new me didn't care . . . or pretended not to.

As I approached three miles, a heavy-set, middle-aged trucker climbed down from a Peterbilt parked on a busy road adjacent to the woods. With an expression of resolve, he strode toward a small toilet in the center of a large meadow. A sinking feeling came to my stomach as lust-urge fought for control of my brain and groin. Succumbing, I changed direction, reaching the toilet seconds before the trucker. I pretended to urinate as I gasped for air.

Through a wire mesh window, I watched him quicken his gait and look around anxiously. As he entered the small enclosure, I immediately smelled grease, cigarette smoke and sweat. Our eyes locked and I saw his cold, surveying expression, which told me that he wanted an unencumbered release and nothing more. He confirmed it when he pulled out his sour cock and whispered, "Suck it, man. Suck this dick, cocksucker."

Turned off, I laughed, waved, then resumed my run, invigorated with my new identity. I wondered how many times such an order before would have seized me with masochistic delight and sent my knees to the rancid floor. I ran like an elk, determined to have Green Eyes or the equivalent . . . or nothing at all.

Planning the termination of my run at the sight of the encounter with Green Eyes, I walked to the spot and stood, listening to the birds and rustling leaves. It had transformed into a magical place for me, inspiring me to sit, entranced at the sounds and smells of the forest. Perfectly still, I watched cardinals, jays and sparrows frolicking in the tree branches above. A magnetic warmth emanated from the mound and I leaned back against it, allowing myself to become lost in the clouds above. Suddenly, Green Eyes' image emerged in my mind like a massive neon sign, causing me to gasp. I closed my eyes and allowed the sorcery to take me. Feeling pristine and absorbed in the viridescence of the forest, I took out my cock and masturbated to the lucid image of Green Eyes.

Every morning for the duration of the week, I ended my run in the small meadow, which I named *Verde*, Spanish for green. Each time, I masturbated. On Saturday, my climax was so powerful that I inadvertently cried out in rapture, frightening the birds to absolute silence. Again, I lay against the rise, urging the magnetic heat to permeate me. "Dreams come true here," I chanted to myself. "These are burial grounds . . . magical bones . . . . Wishes are granted."

That night, I couldn't sleep because of the expectation of meeting Green Eyes on Sunday morning. I assumed that he was married and Sunday was the only day he could get away. I chided myself, pointing out that I was slipping back to the old ways, but it was no use. He'd touched me and I wanted him again—*had* to have him again. A phantom odor wafted over me in the form of a unique, sweet musk. Was it the combination of potent male sweat and a sweet cologne like Lagerfeld or Paul

RICH

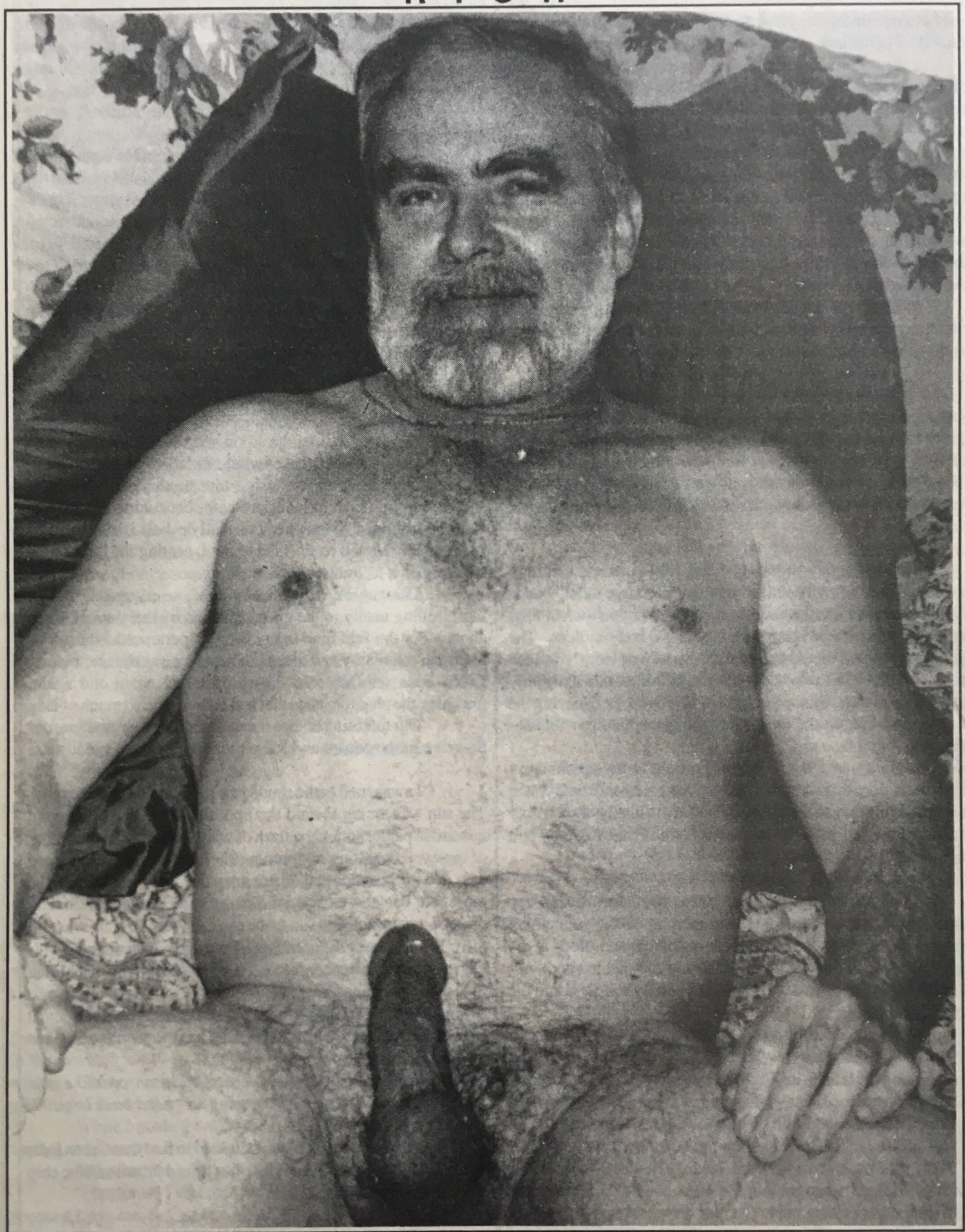


photo by ROGER B.

He's in his late 40s and lives in San Francisco, where he indulges in classical music, long walks, reading, bearded men and lengthy bouts of sex.

Sebastian? Had it lingered inside my nose that long? Or did his very essence find its way into my brain, there to imprint, to haunt me? As I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling, I felt possessed.

I sat at my dining room table, sipping coffee, watching aircraft approach O'Hare against a magenta backdrop. I was terrified that Green Eyes wouldn't show up—that I would never see him again. Forcing myself to prepare a contingency, I promised that I would not go off the deep end; rather, I would sell my furniture and move to Los Angeles. Aunt Rosie would put me up until I found work, I figured. I vowed not to drift back to the way I was. To buttress my resolve, I looked up the numbers of two moving companies and the numbers for the Salvation Army and Goodwill Industries. It was irreversible. I was moving to Los Angeles within a week.

Unable to contain myself, I began running at daybreak and completed eleven miles, finally cooling down and stretching among the trees at Verde.

I waited.

As the sun bore down from above, the special place lost its magical quality. The greenness was much less vibrant and there were now sounds of other people nearby. It was a family of five, strolling through the forest with their two black labs. They glanced warily at me and went deeper into the woods, leaving me alone with thoughts of L.A., Goodwill Industries and delusion.

On Monday morning, I ran twelve miles, carefully avoiding Verde, finally ending my run near a large toilet. I sat at a picnic table across the street and watched as two men in their thirties played for position with a younger body builder. The younger man and the shorter of the other two obviously wanted to get together in the woods, but the odd-man-out arrogantly followed. Frustrated, the younger man drove away, leaving the two men lurking in the woods, regarding each other with contempt. I found it so sad.

As I was about to begin the walk to my apartment, I heard a car door open and shut and watched as a handsome young man made his way to the toilet, staring at me lustily. I shook my head and walked past his car just as Green Eyes drove by in a silver Regal.

I felt numb all over.

Realizing that he'd not seen me, I turned and approached the parking car, my heart racing. As the young man entered the toilet, Green Eyes got out of his car and strode to the brick building, oblivious of me. I tried to call out, but couldn't. I could only look on in desolation as Green Eyes rushed into the toilet, groping himself.

Anxiously sitting at a picnic table nearby, I watched with glee as the other two men slinked in from the woods, interrupting the liaison inside. Green eyes quickly left the toilet, obviously perturbed, finally glancing at me as he walked toward his car. Suddenly his gait changed and he looked at me again. Did he recognize me? I smiled at him but he looked away.

I began walking toward Verde as he slowly drove past, finally nodding in recognition. He drove another hundred yards and stopped, watching me in the rear view mirror.

"Come to Pepe, *mon cher*," I sang, chuckling at the memory of the cartoon featuring the famous skunk, hopping along after the frantic cat.

As I passed the car, I glanced at him and smiled. His mouth was partially open, his eyes dancing with anticipation.

"Come to Pepe, emerald eyes," I sang in a low, throaty voice.

Again he passed me and pulled up adjacent to the meadow leading to Verde.

He knows, I thought, walking straight for the mound.

As I lay on my back, drawing more magnetism from the bank, his awesome face entered my field of vision. He was obviously enchanted by my silence; I intrigued him, attracted him like I had no other.

He knelt next to me and kissed me tenderly, luring my hands to the back of his head. I kissed him back, pulling him atop me, then rolling on to him. Studying his face, I kissed his eyes, nose, chin, neck, earlobes. As I unbuttoned his shirt and jeans, he pulled down my running shorts, smiling at the sight of my rigid, blushing cock. I buried my face in his forest of grey chest hair, intoxicated by the familiar aroma of sweat mixed with his sweet cologne.

Hands trembling, he stood and discarded his clothes, socks and shoes. A hot gust of wind swirled around us, rippling his chest and pubic hair, causing him to shudder. His cock surged, turgid, dripping with pre-cum, beckoning my mouth. And as I locked on to him, he powerfully exhaled, as if shocked or scorched. He fell against the mound, beating the back of his hands against the moist grass, moaning.

The magical estrus controlled us; we engaged in mutual feast, rolling madly in the grass, watched by the alarmed birds above. For the first time in my life, I experienced a cluster of orgasms, seemingly endless, each as intense as the one before. Green Eyes sent his seed down my throat again and again, matching the phantom taste that had haunted me so much of late.

Our tumbling bodies were stopped by a large stone; our dizzying fiasco cooled and left us both drained and exhausted.

I awakened to the sound of a rather noisy mockingbird. The sun was arcing toward the opposite horizon, and I bolted upward in panic, noticing a flash of white paper out of the corner of my eye. Grabbing my running shorts, I winced at the sharp pain of a fresh sunburn, then put them on. Standing, I ran to the top of the rise and looked for Green Eyes. A familiar anxiety gripped me; I wanted to run to the road and see if his car was still there. I cursed myself for falling asleep and neglecting to get his name and number. Inconsolate, I sat atop the mound and buried my face in my hands.

A gust of wind scooped up the business card and sent it to my feet. I picked it up and read the handwritten message on the back:

"Never before have I experienced anyone like you. Sadly, I leave you peacefully sleeping as I head back home. If only you lived closer."

I turned the card over, delighted to find that Green Eyes was actually George Martinelli, a vice president with a blue chip corporation in Atlanta.

The new me never called prior to the move. I could project in my mind his reaction as I called to tell him of my plans.

No magic in that, I reasoned. If anything, he would have panicked. After all, hadn't I planned to move anyway?

For the third consecutive day, I waited atop a concrete tree planter in the courtyard adjacent to his office building. I hoped that he would take a stroll during lunch or walk to a nearby restaurant.

A few minutes past one, George Martinelli came through a revolving side door into the courtyard. Striking in a light grey suit with red tie, he smiled as a young woman emerged from underneath an awning and kissed him. He placed his arm around her and led her through the courtyard.

Devastated, I watched as he walked past, looking at me with no hint of recognition.

Unable to find work, I spent every lunch hour for the next two weeks, waiting for him to walk by again. He never did.

Finally, I broke down and called him.

A secretary answered his phone.

"Is he in?" I asked.

"Yes, he is. Who's calling, please?"

"Ed . . . tell him it's Eddie from Chicago."

"One moment, please."

An agonizing feeling of anxiety seized me as it dawned on me that I had relapsed to my old self. I had no idea what to say to him.

"This is George Martinelli." His voice was gruff, unfriendly.

My throat constricted, sending my voice up another octave. "This is Eddie. You don't know my name, but we met in the forest preserve in Chicago."

Silence.

"You left your business card on, uh . . . top of me."

"Oh, yeah," he said, softly. "You calling from Chicago?"

"No . . . . Atlanta."

"No kidding?" He whispered, sounding abruptly excited. "What hotel? I'll be right over."

"I live here now. I just moved here."

More silence.

"Why?" he finally said.

"Because of you." I despised the sound of my voice.

"Oh, my God," he groaned. "Another crazy."

Well, *that* got my attention.

I placed all my belongings in storage and spent half of what I had left on a bus ticket to Chicago. Arriving near dawn, I took public transportation to Schiller Woods.

As I neared Verde, I could feel its power reaching out for me, caressing me. I ascended the hill and sat on top, basking in the morning sunlight. Ethereal voices prodded me to make wishes. Giddy, I wished for a well paying job. I sensed the granting of the wish and felt urged to ask another.

While I made the wish, I heard the sound of a running animal and turned to face a fast-approaching Doberman.

"Hartford!" a man yelled from the trees.

"Hartford!" I repeated, watching as the immature dog pounced upon me, licking my face.

"He won't bite!" assured the man, running up the hill, holding a frisbee.

Hartford wrestled with me briefly, then cowed as the man barrelled over the top of the mound.

"Oh, sure, you little shit," said the man, "make this man think that I beat you."

He was short and stocky with snow-white, crewcut hair; his eyes were light aqua. His voice was mildly raspy, like that of Aldo Ray. Most of all, his chemistry was potent, electric. His masculine aroma was mouthwatering

"Hartford, you fraud," I said, my voice confident, resonant.

The dog pounced on me again.

"He likes you," said the man.

"He should," I said, wrestling the dog to the ground. "Do you?" I added brazenly.

The man's lips formed a half-smile; he surveyed me from head to foot, then sat. "I might," he said at length.

"I look a lot better when I'm cleaned up."

He nodded, absently playing with the dog.

"I just got in from Atlanta by bus," I said, unafraid of turning him off.

"You don't have a pot to piss in, do you?" he said, standing.

I shook my head, smiling up at him.

"You don't look like a boozer, so it must have been unrequited love."

"More stupidity and unemployment," I said.

He rose and sighed. "Yeah, lot of that going around." He looked at his dog. "Well, Hartford's not getting any exercise." He nodded and walked down into the larger meadow.

I lay on my stomach atop Verde and watched as the man threw the frisbee for the agile dog. Before long, they had worked their way across the meadow and across the road into another meadow. As they disappeared behind a line of trees, I chanted my wishes, lulling myself into a quasi mantra trance.

A long pink tongue lapped across my nose and mouth; I bolted upward, spitting away bits of grass and dirt. The roar of a bark reverberated in my head. Hartford lunged at me, then backed away, looking beyond and behind me.

I turned and watched as the dog's master slowly walked down the slope into the small meadow. "Hartford, shall we take this gentleman home and clean him up . . . maybe feed him some breakfast?" He glanced back, his eyes betraying ambivalence.

I eagerly joined him, Hartford at my heels.

"I live just a mile or so away. You feel like walking?"

I felt relieved that he didn't live far from Verde. "I'm a jogger. No problem."

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Eddie. You?" I asked, following him into the woods.

"Ralph. You a hard worker?"

"For you, I am."

"Play your cards right and this will turn out to be your lucky day."

"I will," I said, knowing that I had four aces in my back pocket.

OCHO is a Chicago writer who wants to remain anonymous.

PERSONAL ADS

The express purpose of these ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. We takes no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting therefrom and urge all our subscribers to use caution and common sense. We will screen all ads and refuse to print any which, in our opinion, implies deceit, fraud or peril. We cannot, however, control or monitor replies.

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1. Write, return address, stamp and seal your letter. NOTE: For those overseas readers who have no access to U.S. postage stamps, please include cash.

2. IN PENCIL, write the code word or contributor's (model, artist, writer) name in the CENTER of the envelope.

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ARIZONA

(O-10/90) PHOENIX: 43, 6'-2", 185#, HIV negative, handsome (so I'm told), masculine (but not macho), lover of mature men, 55+, has recently been widowed (my 68-year-old lover recently, suddenly died). I offer honesty, thoughtfulness, caring, affection and love. Not looking for Daddy, but a RAM type man to share love, lust, laughs and life with. Gentlemen, please send photo. I will! Come share life with me. Write: Kaygee, 10002 N. 7th St., Apt. 1052, Phoenix, AZ 85020.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(M-10/90) SEEK S.F. BAY AREA BUDDY FOR EARLY-RETIRMENT TOGETHERNESS: GWM, 59, 170#, blond, HIV neg., planning early retirement from high-tech profession. Need close buddy to share active, happy life of travel, good home life, nice things, togetherness in most activities, and sharing of life, body, love, good times. Desire non-smoker, light social drinker, no drugs, healthy, caring, honest, together guy. Considering living in Hawaii part time. Write: Don, P.O. Box 2323, Stanford, CA 94309.

(M-10/90) JUST FOR FUN: No lovers. No roomers. No photos. GWM, 60, 5'-6", W 133, short stick, bald, hairy body, HIV negative. In San Francisco call (415) 585-6624.

(T-10/90) INTELLIGENT YOUNGER MAN WANTED: Last issue of CR proves it: there *are* younger men who like older men! Can I dare hope there's someone 30-40, honest, mechanically inclined (cars, house, musical instruments, junk-tiques) who can get past average appearance and be comfortable with stable, professional 54-year-old? Preference given to non-WASPs, lithe of build with something besides air between ears, Fr-A/P, SF Bay area. Looking for long-term relationship, not one-nighters. I'm not into the daddy scene (sugar or otherwise). I want companion, lover, protegé. Write: **FIXIT**

(B-12/90) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA TOP: GWM, 59 years young, short, stocky, hairy, hung, non-smoker, bald, healthy, clean-shaven, HIV negative. Strictly top. Seeks men my age or younger for safe encounters. Not interested in relationship as I have lover. Prefer French A and Greek P. Into light S & M. Write to: **BAY AREA TOP**

(M-12/90) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 48, bearded, goodlooking, masculine, stocky, work-muscular body, 24" thighs, 18" calves, 5'-8", 168#, 6" cut, 1 nut, brown (greying, balding) hair. I'm Fr/P, long sessions preferred. Also into kink, raunch, imaginative sex. Honest, like same. Not ageist or racist. Like bald, bearded, bright, offbeat, bear-y types. (415) 771-6018, weeknights only. Write: Rich Maclain, 1651 Larkin St. #4, San Francisco, CA 94109.

(H-10/90) MASCULINE MEN WANTED: Young man, 30, likes older studs, 50 years and older, friendship, quality time, good sex. Leathernecks, crewcuts, farmer types, truck drivers and fishermen a plus. Write: WLH, P.O. Box 28693, San Jose, CA 95159.

(C-2/91) WARLOCK OFFERS PHALLIC WORSHIP: Sober, sane, non-smoker, 57, 6', 230#, 5-1/2" cut, Greek passive, tattooed, dentured, pierced & ringed GWM seeks SafeSex. I enjoy being USED to satisfy a MAN's kinkiest desires. If your endowment is over 8 inches, your age/weight/race/looks are o.k. with me. Call (415) 443-3083, or write: **SUCCUBUS**

(S-2/91) S.F. BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: You: very masculine, gentle, clean body, mature age. Your place locally for long sessions. Possible live-in my good home near Oakland from anywhere. Me: W/M, 60s, 5'-11", 155#, moustache, dentured, cut, thick, sensuous, versatile, expert frencher, massager. Write: J.R.S., P.O. Box 20331, Oakland, CA 94620.

(N-12/90) GENTLEMAN, 55-75, SOUGHT: by Japanese GM, 35, who is attractive, trim, professional, sincere and romantic. Looking for a refined yet masculine man, stocky, chairman of the board type, for friendship or more. Photo and phone gets quick reply. Write: **AQUARIUS**

(R-10/90) SF BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: Bear Cub, hairy, 37, 5'-11", 195#, brown/brown, HIV negative. Would like to meet the Dad of his dreams. You are over 50, grey, hairy and

stocky. Would like someone who is strict disciplinarian and likes lots of attention. Like fantasy trips and a little kink, but strictly play it safe. Also turned on by cigar smokers. So if you're interested in an adoring and attentive son, write with photo to: **CUBBY**

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(M-12/90) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Eager and friendly, 90% top, wants welcoming passive with own home, over 40, non-promiscuous, HIV negative for regular get-it-ons. Shorter, hairy are plusses. SFV, Glendale are extra plusses. I am 58, 6 ft, 205, brown & blue, hairy and strong. HIV negative. Write: D.E., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(B-10/90) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY SON, CALL YOUR DAD! Don't you think it's about time we messed around and spent some time together....eh, dude? Call: George (50, 5'-9", 210#) - (818) 881-5024.

(S-2/91) I'VE GOT BALLS! 64-year-old hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, clean shaven, moderately hairy, well hung, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: KSS, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

(P-4/91) PASADENA, CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Homeowner, GWM, 52, 5'-11", 185# with red/brown hair and blue eyes, clean cut, sincere, easy going (HIV negative, French A/P, cut and have much more than most), straight acting, self-employed professional in the entertainment industry. Desires monogamous relationship with younger, romantic, mature, straight acting, intelligent, honest, responsible and sensitive equal life partner. I enjoy companionship, sex, motorhome travel, treasure hunting, swimming, movies, theater, Disneyland and quiet times at home. If you are a non-smoker (or willing to quit) and not into the drug or heavy alcohol scenes, please reply with detailed letter, photo and phone to: **PASADENA DREAMER.**

(P-10/90) NORTH HOLLYWOOD SONNY BOY, GWM, 39, LOOKING FOR PAPA BEAR: I'm very clean, discreet and loyal. Lay back and let me suck your dick for hours while you tell me how much you appreciate me and need me. I'm looking for a long term relationship. Please be 45+, very masculine (truck drivers and blue collar a plus) and local. No long distance or J/O calls. I know I can make the right man happy. Weekdays after 7 pm and weekends anytime. Call: Danny, (818) 753-8077.

(S-6/91 SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/ORANGE COUNTY: Bi/W/M, 55, 5'-11", 235#, passive yet rugged and muscular, open to all types. Equipment: 8" long by 7" around. Likes: French passive, receptive tit/ball play, anal massage, fisting, soft toys, body massage, videos. NO PAIN. I'm very clean and healthy, laid back, horny, highly educated, uninhibited, long lasting and butch. I'm also featured in CR's May Special. Write: **MACK**

(B-2/91) ONE GOOD MAN: 52-year-old, white male, attractive, muscular, very hairy, stocky, 5'-8", 185#, green-eyed, virile, masculine. I'm a former college football halfback and a dog lover. Looking for a mature, genuine, masculine top man for one hell of an experience. Just recently moved to the Victor Valley and travel extensively throughout the High Desert on business. Call (619) 951-0436 or write: **KARL.**

(S-10/90) HUSKY, SINCERE BEAR: GWM, 40, 5'-6-1/2", 190#. Bald with brown fringe, short beart. Big brown eyes. Cut long and fat. Hairy. Affectionate. Muscular. Looking for relationship, but open to fun. Want husky, masculine men, 21-65, Daddy-types. Love kissing all over. Write: S.R.S., P.O. Box 411523, Los Angeles, CA 90041.

(B-12/90) ARE YOU OVER 55? Do you weigh over 235# and are you masculine, hairy and have a beer belly/stocky? Carpenter type? Professional? Young, 29, successful, muscular, smooth, cute, 5'-8", 130# guy would like to meet and explore possibilities. Write and send phone number to: C.M., 8033 Sunset Blvd. #111, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

(F-12/90) HANDSOME, ATHLETIC, WELL-BUILT PUP: wants a big, mature bulldog to play with. I am GWM, 40, 5'-10", 180#, well-hung, muscular, moderately hairy. You: 40-70, strong, husky and well-hung. Especially love to wrestle, cuddle and have rough and tender sex with some bondage. HIV negative, clean healthy. Okay with top and/or bottom. Write: **STUDMUFFIN**

(E-10/90) SAN BERNARDINO/REDLANDS/YUCAIPA: Romantic, secure, 50, stocky. Enjoys travel, cooking, swap meets, sharing, cuddling and each other. Looking for monogamous relationship. No drugs. Write: C.D.E., Box 1163, Yucaipa, CA 92399, or phone (714) 790-2560.

(M-10/90) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GBM, younger looking, mature 39, 5'-9", 155#, masculine, healthy, horny, discreet and more. Seek mature 55+, uncut, horny gent. "Old age" turns me on. Beer belly okay. Call (619) 294-3589, or write: R.M., 3605 - 30th St. #261, San Diego, CA 92104.

(S-12/90) ENCINO, 62, EYES OF BLUE: Looking for you! If you are GWM between 30 and 48, 150 to 200#, sincere in your need to find someone to care about . . . me too! I'm 5'-11", 250# and rather shy. Love classical and movie music, theatre pipe organs, theatres, toys, trains, travel, home, hugging & kissing, J/O and being around for each other. Write: Bruce, 5429 Newcastle Ave., Apt. 223, Encino, CA 91516

(F-12/90) LONESOME IN HOLLYWOOD/NATIONWIDE: Attractive GWM, mid 50s, dark hair/eyes, 170#, uncut, Fr A/P, HIV negative. Seeks dark Latin/Italian/European/Asian types for friend and companion, uncut a plus but not a must. I am friendly, outgoing, with a great personality and sense of humor. I love life and all it has to offer. I am not retired, still work at night, but days and weekends FREE! Be slim to husky, sober, honest and sincere. Will answer all. Write with phone and picture if

NO WRINKLES . . . photo by C.J.

He's a 62-year-old Floridian who loves the beach, dancing and young men with a mature attitude.

possible: **LONE-WOOD**

(R-10/90) CA/NATIONWIDE: Mid-Asian, 36, health professional, discreet, sincere, caring, affectionate, swimmer's build, varied interests/travel. Seeks 58+, cultured, caring, distinguished/straight appearing, clean-shaven, gentleman for a warm, intimate friendship. Photo appreciated. Write: A. Reman, P.O. Box 2223, Corona, CA 91718.

(K-10/90) PHOTO EXCHANGE: GWM, 57, bear-like. Your nude photo, erotic or otherwise, gets mine. Include a note. Tell me about yourself and your fantasies. Write: **WOTAN**

(B-10/90) NORTHERN ITALIAN OVER 75: Slender, healthy, masculine appearance, endowed (6" uncut), nonsmoker, well traveled, bilingual. Loves kissing, hugging, home-type intimacy. Seeks lover living in San Diego. Must be about 300# and about 50. Pug nose a plus. Call (619) 291-8966 anytime.

(N-10/90) MASCULINE OLDER MAN WANTED (50+): Who is clean-shaven, discreet and values dignity and respect. I am 36, 5'-9", 185#, well built, brown/blue, clean-shaven, mature, masculine, professional and very affectionate with the right man. Write: J.C., P.O. Box 12376, Palm Desert, CA 92260-2376.

(S-12/90) HALF BIRTHDAYS ARE FUN! Open, sharing/caring, masculine, 59, 6'-4", 200#, stereotype Virgo GWM remembers other things, too. Likes classical musical, theater, Nautilus, walking, kissing, cuddling, quiet evenings watching gay videos. Seeks tall, similar, 35-60 top with furry chest and balls. I'm average looking with balding, silver hair. Letter with photo to: Chip, Box 6037, San Pedro, CA 90734.

(Z-10/90) GWM IN SUN CITY: is looking for mature man who is intelligent, understanding, short, stocky (or chubette), with average cut endowment, and who is HIV negative, a non-smoker, non-drinker, and not into drugs. You should want to give and receive lots of affection and be as interested in satisfying your partner as you are in being satisfied. I am 68, 5'-9", 160#, with an average cut penis, and graying hair and close-cropped beard. My interests including raising cactus, home, photography, travel, theatre, cinema, reading, and everything connected with "nature." (Fr A/P). Write to: **BOBOLINK II**

(B-12/90) ARE YOU OVER 55? Do you weigh over 235#? Are you masculine, hairy, stocky, professional and have a beer belly? Young, 29, successful, muscular, smooth/cute, 5'-8", 130# guy would like to explore possibilities. Write: C.M., 8033 Sunset Boulevard #111, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

(P-2/91) WANTED: JUDGE WAPNER/EDDIE ALBERT TYPE: Seeking: grey hair, sparkling eyes, great smile/voice, hairy chest, medium-stocky build, affectionate, physical and fun, over 50 man's man. I'm 35, 5'-10", 180#-solid build, strong legs, green eyes, brown hair, athletic Steve Garvey type. Photo a must (will return). Write: **SPORT**

COLORADO

(J-10/90) COLORADO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, mid-50s, healthy, masculine, professional, balding gray, 5'-8", 140, thick 7" uncut, looking for self-sufficient, sincere, masculine, younger man who needs the guidance and affection an older man can provide. Interest in music and cooking a plus. Sense of humor and seeker of good times a must. Smoking, alcohol and some kink okay. Like massage and nudism. Looking for possible relationship, not a penpal. Photo appreciated. Write: Bob, 4 Studio Pl., Colorado Springs, CO 80904. (719) 632-8909.

(C-10/90) CLEAN, DISCREET, DEPENDABLE: HWM, 5'-11", 200#, pot-bellied, mid-40s, looking for a cuddly, short, stocky grandfather type, 60+, cut penis. Prefer bald, hairless body, but not necessary. Complete compatibilities more important than sex. My interests are classical music, musical theatre, beautiful mountain scenery, good food, gentle safe sex (no pain). I love to cuddle. Hoping to find someone to share living quarters, expenses and lives together. Write: R.M.C., 1250 S. Clermont St., Apt. 2-206, Denver, CO 80222.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(S-12/90) NEW IN D.C. FROM MONTANA ROCKIES: GWM, 41, 5'-5", average uncut endowment, black crewcut hair, dark brown eyes, moustache, husky, muscular, smooth body. If you are tall, hairy, attractive, hung (big balls a plus) and have a big ass, write me. But all of the aforementioned is not law if you are a masculine male of integrity, dignity and self-respect. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: **ABE**

FLORIDA

(G-10/90) NATIONWIDE: Retired gentleman past 60, Miami area, 5'-7", 150#, brown/gray, seeks serious MAN, 25 to 45, masculine, slender, to share home. I am loving, dedicated, stable, and enjoy movies, boating, cooking, travel. Prefer nonsmoker. Foto and describe yourself. Write: C-R Reader, P.O. Box 610191, North Miami, FL 33181.

(B-2/91) CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 67, 6'-1", 155# and 65, 5'-7", 140#. Singles or couples, 35+ for friendship and/or sex on one to one basis welcome to our home, located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32159, or call (904) 753-2857.

(S-10/90) VISITING FT. LAUDERDALE? Fully furnished efficiency: living room, kitchen, bathroom downstairs, bedroom in loft. Separate entrance. Use of Jacuzzi and BBQ. 15 minutes to beach. No drugs. $30.00 single, $40 double. Available now. Write: W.A. Stratton, P.O. Box 23365, Oakland Park, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307.

(D-12/90) See Ohio.

(L-10/90) PENSACOLA: 30-year-old, GWM seeks 50+ GWM for possible monogamous relationship. I'm 6'-3", 200#, brown hair, blue eyes, with varied interests. Photo appreciated. Write: Tim Lyons, 4501 E. Johnson #812, Pensacola, FL 32514.

(M-10/90) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: I am 30, GWM, 5'-10", 154#, very caring, honest, gentle and a sincere person. I am self-supportive--just need that person that I can care for and maybe travel with, just do anything that would make each other happy. I have a lot of love to give but no one to give it to with or without sex. I like a man who is 60+, a bit on the chubby side and maybe a bit old fashioned. I am living in Key West at the moment but can travel almost anywhere. Your photo gets mine. Please, I don't need to know if you're into A/P, G/P, J/O, PQRSTUVWXYZ. I don't know what half of it means anyway. Just looking for that special person. The rest will fall into place and just happen. I would like to hear from you, even if you live on the North Pole. Write with photo to: W. Murray, 1013 Truman Ave., Key West, FL 33040.

(G-10/90) FT. LAUDERDALE/S.E. FLA. GWM SEEKS LIFEMATE: I am 52, 5'-9", 300#, have brown eyes/hair (thinning and graying), moustache and a hairy body. HIV negative, do not smoke or do drugs. Drink rarely. Want someone under 45 with similar traits, not excessively overweight, who can relate well. Affection and reciprocal sex (primarily French) very important. Write/Call: Art, P.O. Box 25456, Tamarac, FL 33320-5456, (305) 572-2955.

(S-2/91) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 33, looking for porn videos that feature older men, 60+. Willing to pay for a copy of your favorite tape(s). Perhaps you're willing to trade, or know who may own one. In any event, write me with whatever is on your mind to: David, P.O. Box 1782, Delray Beach, FL 33447-1782.

(F-12/90) GRIZZLY CUB: 40, 6'-3", 240#, masculine, professional, intelligent, sexual. Likes adventure, travel, arts, conversation and bedtime. Hunting for dominant, beefy, daddy bear, 45-65, with similar interests for bare fun and hibernation (hairy/balding/facial hair a plus). Only responses with photo and phone. Write: **GRIZZLY CUB**

GEORGIA

(S-6/91) YOUNGER THE BETTER (over 21): GWM, 60, 5'-6 1/2", 215#, seeks lover of gray haired, loveable, cuddly chubby. I love all races but prefer young, slim, sexy, affectionate Asian, Black, Latin. Gentle sex only. Travel anywhere extensively. Send photo. Write: **FPS**

(P-2/91) DADDY WANTED: GWM, 37, 5'-7", 240#, looking for affectionate daddy 50 to ? Hairy, chunky/stocky, uncut, balding, are all plusses, but interested in all daddies. I am a professional/executive, independent, stable, and happy. I am Atlanta based but travel throughout the southeast and greater NYC area. Interested in correspondence and meeting men who like life, theater, classical music/opera, art, good wine and friendship. I like all types of sex with right daddy, especially pleasing you! I am also interested in purchasing video tapes featuring men similar to the above description. Write: Kim, P.O. Box 15, Clarkston, GA 30021.

HAWAII

(L-10/90) HAWAII VACATION: GWM couple, 35 and 59, visiting Waikiki and Kauai in late October. Looking to make new friends who can help to show us the true Hawaii. We are mature, responsible adults. Hoping to meet other gays in a similar age group. Write: D.B., P.O. Box 11923, Atlanta, GA 30355.

ILLINOIS

(O-4/91) HEAVY OLDER MEN: GWM, 48, 5'-8", 140#, brown/blond hair, blue eyes, 6" cut, looking for men over 50, 250#+ and well endowed. Write: JNO, 2238, N. Lakewood, IL 60614.

(C-6/91) CHICAGO: West suburban artist seeks older gentlemen, any size, to model in the comfort of their own home. Photo/phone appreciated, but not necessary. Write: **DARKCHILDE**

(P-8/91) CHICAGO DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 56, 5'-10", 155#, greying, moustache, professional, seeks son/lover relationship. No drugs, nonsmoker preferred--self supporting, to share bed with right person, cuddle, safe sex, J/O, video, travel. Blacks a plus. Sincere only. Send photo, phone number to: **EAGLE**

(H-10/90) SINCERE MALE LOOKING TO MEET SINCERE OLDER GENTLEMEN: for genuine companionship. Hispanic male, 39, lean, masculine, brown eyes, black hair, 6'-0", 185#, seeks white or Hispanic masculine males, 50-60. I am self-sufficient, like movies, 50s music, some sports, and have a sense of humor. Above all, hope to meet someone I can carry on a conversation with. Will reply with photo upon request. Write: Dann, P.O. Box 1257, Chicago, IL 60690.

INDIANA

(L-12/90) INDIANAPOLIS COUPLE SEEKS SON: We are mid-fifties, over 6 ft. tall, professional couple seeking son under 30 to share life's pleasures. Height and weight in proportion. No drugs, non-smoker, safe sex. Write and tell us about yourself and your desires for future. Photo a help. All answered. Write: Alan, Box 1261, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

(H-10/90) HOT HOOSIER: GWM, early 60s, 5'-6", 147#, silver hair and losing. Non-smoker/drug user and very light drinker. Love good food, hot videos, snuggling, kissing and lots of action. Very affectionate and looking for close friend. Write: **EDDIE**

IOWA

(H-10/90) LOVER WANTED: Genuine, affectionate, romantic GWM, 49, 5'-10", 175#, goodlooking, healthy, intelligent, masculine. Need stable, caring, masculine, self-supporting, permanent partner, 35-55. Must be willing/able to relocate. No alcoholics, drug users, please. Recent photo assures quick answer. I'm ready. Are you? Write: **SUNSHINE**

LOUISIANA

(S-10/90) LOUISIANA-NATIONWIDE: GWM, 70, 5'-8", 185#, active physically, mentally and sexually. Versatile. Seeking friends and companion (any age) for cruises and trips to places like Europe, Australia, South America and who can afford own expenses. Let's explore while we can. Write: Bill S., 7640

LaSalle #201, Baton Rouge, LA 70806, or phone (504) 923-1432.

(H-12/90) LOUISIANA/NATIONWIDE: GBM, 44, 5'-10", 220#, brown eyes, salt/pepper hair, kind, serious, romantic gentleman seeking companion, friend, pen-pals, 25 to 69 to share life with. Any race, no smoke, no drugs. Write: "Ly-LEH," P.O. Box 144, Evergreen, LA 71333.

(H-10/90) NEW ORLEANS: GWM, 63, 5'-10", 150#, brown hair, crewcut, blue eyes, smooth body, uncut, looking for short, heavy, uncut bottom with big tits. Preferably older, retired or semi. Intellectual pursuits as well as sexual. Mississippi beaches. Write: Tom Horner, 2427 Decatur, New Orleans, LA 70117.

MASSACHUSETTS

(D-10/90) CHEST TO CHEST--CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 41, 5'-11", 180#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. All replies answered. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(Q-10/90) PROVINCETOWN: Anybody out there who would like to exchange nude photos and correspondence for safe fun with a GWM who is 40-years-old, 5'-8", 150#, 7" cut, brown eyes, average good looks and balding? I'm turned on to mature men, both in mind and body. Age, weight, looks unimportant. Your nude photo gets mine. I'm honest and discreet. Please reply with photo to: Vince, P.O. Box 1382, Provincetown, MA 02657.

MICHIGAN

(Q-10/90) MICHIGAN/NATIONWIDE: Seeking young men, 25-40, who are healthy, masculine, mature, honest, who like to cuddle, kiss, Fr A/P. I'm GWM, 62, 5'-10", 165#, into travel, videos, gardening, sports, exercise and more. Photo appreciated. Write: Jack, P.O. Box 11, Carrollton, MI 48724.

(P-12/90) MICHIGAN: GWM, 64, 6 feet, 175#, masculine, well trimmed beard/moustache, Greek A/P, French A/P, nicely endowed, non-smoker, light drinker. Interests: Arts, antiques, books, bridge, camping, hiking, walking, cross-country skiing, western dress (leather, Levis, boots), boating, watersports, gourmet cooking, old cars, motorcycles, music, opera, theatre. Travel US/overseas. Seeking GWM, 55 plus with somewhat similar interests. Write: **COSMOPOLITAN.**

MINNESOTA

(A-10/90) MINNEAPOLIS: GWM, gentlemanly, medium-tall, slim, smooth, 60, prime health, laid-back, low-key but communicative of feelings and ideas; good listener, well-read, sincere attitude, warm disposition, loyal, enjoys humor and serious conversation. You: sincere, stable, warm-hearted, considerate, cordial, non-judgmental, without dependencies. Respond, discover, exchange views and tastes. Write: **READY AND WILLING.**

(O-10/90) FAT DADDY NEEDED: by skinny, young-looking, 42-year-old son. If you are grossly overweight, demandingly horny and desperately lonely, let's give it one more try. Write: Ira Orloff, P.O. Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433.

NEVADA

(B-10/90) LAS VEGAS: GWM, retired widower, 55, 5'-11", 270#, 8" cut, mainly top, French A/P, Greek A, J/O, blond, crewcut. Have dog, truck with shell, boat. Want friend, sex-buddy in that order. Race unimportant. Small frame a plus. No drugs. Write: Dave Sr., 6255 W. Tropicana #161, Las Vegas, NV 89103.

NEW JERSEY

(G-12/90) MASCULINE SUBMISSIVE: BiWM, 5'-11", 165#, 61-year-old, athletic, dark brown/balding. Very affectionate, intelligent, loyal friend. Wide range of interests: cultural, scientific, spiritual, intellectual, sexual, psycho-sexual. HIV negative, Greek/P. Into mind control. Ken - (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

(L-8/91) ATLANTIC CITY/NATIONWIDE: Chinese, 35, senior admirer, would like to make friends with discreet people and welcomes CR readers over 50 to stay over. Close to A.C. Airport, convenient to Philadelphia, New York. Pool, whirlpool, massage. No obligation. Write in advance, photo if possible. D.L., P.O. Box 298, Mays Landing, NJ 08330.

(L-4/92) VIDEOS BY SENIORS: Quality collection of people, 50+, in action. Amateur, SWAN made, lots of choices. Write for Information to: Collector, P.O. Box 121, Cologne, NJ 08213-0121.

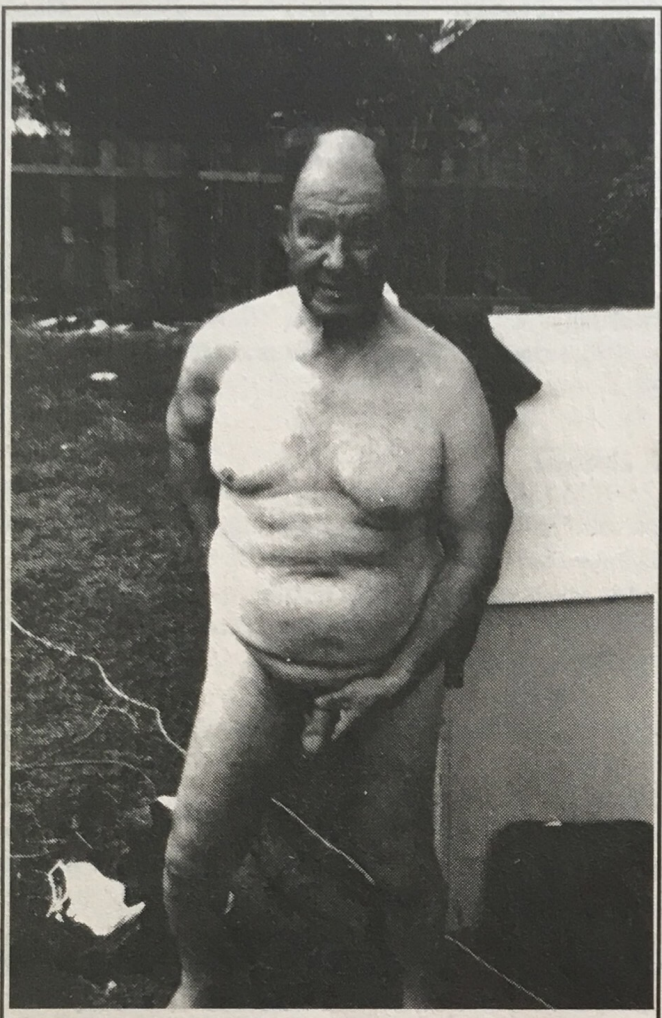
(S-10/90) CENTRAL NEW JERSEY: GWM, 47, 5'-8", 240#, balding/grey, blue/glasses, clean-shaven, hairy body, educated, veteran, non-smoker, clean, gentle, affectionate. Seeks nice, smooth, slim, any race, 20s to 40s. Like NYC, classical music, ballet, opera, history, geneology, quiet times. Call (908) 828-5649, or write: Tom Schultz, 212 Baldwin St. #5-B, New Brunswick, NJ 08901.

NEW YORK

(D-2/91) SEEK 40+ TOPMAN: 42 year old Italian bottom, hairy, moustache, 185#, 5'-11", looking to please masculine older topman with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO.**

(H-4/91) WESTERN NEW YORKER: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 185#, brown hair, beard, moustache seeks muscular dude with large beer belly, massive thighs. I enjoy body contact, massages, light workouts, pigging out. No drugs. Write: Rick, P.O. Box 833, Buffalo, NY 14231-0833.

(D-10/90) NY CITY/NATIONWIDE: Hi! If you are reading the personals you may be looking for me. I am a young 62-year-old Brooklyn Italian, 5'-9", 165#, silver hair, bearded, masculine. Seeking warm, 45+, hairy teddy bears. Facial hair a plus.



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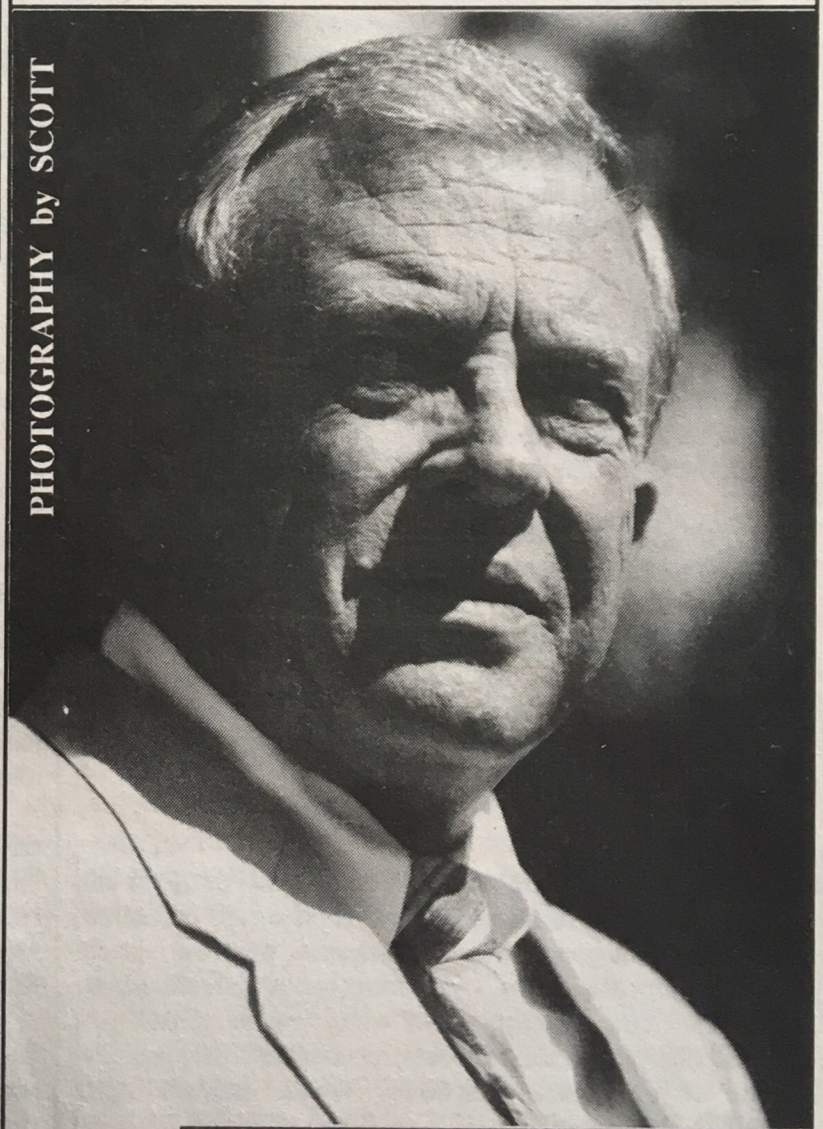
COVER STORIES

Our front cover model this issue is HANK, who lives in central California with his partner, photographer SIMON BARR. HANK is a 76-year-old, slightly chubby, retired microbiologist who taught on the university level for 24 years. He later headed the microbiology section of a large eastern hospital laboratory. Since retirement he has devoted his time to writing, travel, photography, music and genealogy.

Inside front cover: THE GARDENER (photo by BERNARD) is a 60-year-old Teddybear Belgian living in Brugge, Belgium with his 36-year-old lover. They enjoy traveling, cooking, pen pals and visitors. They'll be visiting the U.S. next year.

Inside back cover: BRAZOS (photo by SAM) is a 62-year-old, affectionate Houstonian who likes people, nature, arts, sports and trains.

Outside back cover: THE FRIAR and C.C. (photo by P.H. COLLEY) are the blue-eyed, 69-year-old lover of the publisher of CHIRON RISING, and a sweet, Sicilian, retired engineer (and excellent chef) who lives in New York State with his lover of 25 years.



P.O. Box 71850, Los Angeles, CA 90071
LOOKING FOR MODELS LIKE YOU

Looking for relationship or straight acting buddies. P/P Please. Write: **ARIES.**

(C-12/90) ARE YOU OVER 55? Masculine W/M, 40, 6'-1", trim, hairy, clean shaven, short dark hair, non-smoker, non-promiscuous, health conscious, genuinely attracted to older men, seeks affectionate and caring gentleman over 55 (no upper limit) for sincere friendship, hopefully leading to permanent, monogamous relationship. Am loving, sensitive, loyal, outgoing and want to share my life with a self-respectful and dignified man. Any area. Would relocate. All detailed letters with photo answered. Photo essential. Please write: Jack, Box 591, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(B-10/90) SON SEEKS DAD: Long Island/Nationwide, 26, 5'-8", 160#, passive, athletic, professional. Likes sports, gambling, porno and older men. A/P French, P Greek. Seeks assertive, rugged, fatherly top with strong features and who is gentle but firm when necessary. Some kink in a father-son setting is okay. Moustache and a big, hairy chest is a plus. Balding, chubby and cigarettes, etc. are fine. ZIPPER, BUZZ and CJ types especially welcome. Correspondence, visits, vacations and more possible. Pop, I'm waiting. Write: **ANXIOUS SON**

(C-10/90) NY QUEENS/NASSAU AREA: Argentinian, 42, 5'-8", 200#, brown hair/eyes, Italian looking, seeking friends to go out weekends. Solid/mature, same age or older preferred. Enjoy dinner/talk/musicals/movies/quiet evenings in/beach/cultural--who knows if relationship can develop? Please give me a try, tri-state area. Write: OUCEE, P.O. Box 1132, Port Washington, NY 11050.

(B-12/90) NEW YORK/LONG ISLAND: GWM, 62, 6'-0", 175#, 6" cut, grey hair, professional, own home, sincere, masculine. Enjoy beaches, travel, quiet evenings. Seeks clean-shaven, athletic, masculine, HIV negative, 30-45 for friendship, possible relationship. No smoking or drugs. Hung a plus. Photo appreciated. Telephone (516) 587-0549 or write: J. Byrns, 55 W. Islip Rd., West Islip, NY 11795.

(D-4/91) WHERE'S THE PORK? Beefy Daddy, 52, 5'-9", 245#, hairy, masculine, sexually versatile, seeks heavy-set guys, any age, the fatter the better, for fun and relaxed times. Photo/phone to: Nick Dean, Box 581, New York, NY 10156.

NORTH CAROLINA

(F-10/90) TRIANGLE: GWM, 44, 5'-7", 150#, brown hair, blue eyes, healthy, HIV negative. Moved to Raleigh from Chicago and would like to meet GWM, 50-65, good condition, 5'-9" and under, no drugs, light to no social drinking and who appreciates a lot of attention. I'll look forward to hearing from you. Photo if possible, but not necessary. Thank you. Bill Fuller, P.O. Box 10912, Raleigh, NC 27605.

NORTH DAKOTA

(H-12/90) NORTH DAK/SOUTHWEST/NATIONWIDE: Let's meet and mate. GWM, 57, 6'-1", 210#, white, balding, HIV negative. University professor. Retiring in 5 years, moving to Southwest. Looking for relationship. Seeking mate, 35-60, who loves life, sex, A/P French, Greek passive. Should not smoke or take drugs. Write: John, 1415 W. Gateway #9, Fargo, ND 58103.

OHIO

(S-12/90) CLEVELAND/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 41, 5'-4", 185#, seeking attractive men, 21-49. I enjoy music, movies, travel, nature and sex. I'm sincere, discreet, caring, passionate, romatic and loving. Photo desired with replies. Prefer hairless, well-built men. Write: H.P.S., P.O. Box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

(D-12/90) NE OHIO/SOUTH FLORIDA SEEKS LOVER: GWM, 65, 6'-1", 205#, hairy, healthy, muscular, seeks macho type over 50, for monogamous relationship. Enjoy sports, boats, beach, music, travel, love. Financially sound. Own property. Willing to share or move. Write: Tom Dolson, P.O. Box 1226, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44223, or call (216) 929-7225.

(W-12/90) INEXPERIENCED IN COLUMBUS: GWM, 71, 5'-8-1/2", 150#, mostly smooth (damn!), somewhat shy, still closeted. You: non-smoker/non-drinker. Age, size, endowment, race, ethnic background not important, but body hair is. Ideally, it must be dense, long, front, back, sides from lower neck, showing above collar, to fingers, toes. No anal sex, oral possibly. Turn-ons: from watching videos, cuddling, kissing, licking, nipple play, frottage. Want to run my fingers, tongue, nose through all that hair, including armpits, have lots of fun in bed. Pluses: large, protruding nipples, outie navel, dark complexion, moderate to heavy sweating. Curious about WS (not drinking). Photo appreciated. Write: **LATE STARTER**

(B-10/90) SEEKS MATE: Multi-talented artist, 62, 180#, 6'-2", very trim, health-conscious, endowed. Have knowledge and great love of nature, country-oriented. Seeks deep bonding and trust of younger man in forties, with compatible and sharing interests. Must also be trim and health-conscious. Let's get acquainted, photos and letters. Write: Evergreen, 10398 Rochester Rd. Box 68, East Rochester, OH 44625.

OREGON

(D-6/91) TRAVELING THRU OREGON? WRITE AHEAD; GOOD TIMES ASSURED: 52, healthy, masculine, affectionate, horny, non-smoking, stocky-framed, hairy-chested, clean-shaven, professional and clean, seeks younger, sensual, virile man who prefers my type. Have indoor hot tub. Enclose photo and write to: Sandy, P.O. Box 775, Portland, OR 97207, or call (503) 223-1679.

(C-10/90) SERVICEMASTER: Excellent oral service for heavy equipment. Friendly. Discreet. Private apartment - central Portland. Call evenings: (503) 223-8840.

PENNSYLVANIA

(C-4/91) S.E. PHILADELPHIA & JERSEY SHORE: GWM, 57, hairless body and hung, would like to meet gay males 60 to ? for friendship. Cannot get into relationship at this time. Am Fr-

A/P, HIV negative. Love to kiss, cuddle and give oral service. Hairy bodies a plus, but not necessary. Photo exchange. Pen pals welcome. Write: Eagle, P.O. box 421, Collingdale, PA 19023.

(D-10/90) PHILADELPHIA GWM, 33: 155#, 5'-10", bearded, hairy, affectionate, wants relationship with a tall, hairy, masculine, over 35, heavy set, bearded bear, into tit play, kissing and cuddling, French A/P. Photo appreciated. Write: **DRIVER EIGHT**

TEXAS

(H-10/90) HOUSTON/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 35, 5'-9", 160#, green/brown, handsome, sensitive, sincere and honest. Enjoys theatre, dining out, quiet evenings at home, tennis, scuba and skiing. Seeks friendship/relationship with 45-65, masculine, romantic who loves to cuddle. Prefer average to stocky (heavyset) build. Hairy and over 5'-10" a plus. Please submit a photo with correspondence. Write: **ANGEL.**

(G-2/91) HOUSTON, TEXAS: GWM, 47, 5'-8", 145#, smoker, non-drinker, easy-going, articulate, cuddly, *luvable*, seeking similar or older for sex partner/caring, intimate relationship. Write: J.G., 7211 Ilex St., Houston, TX 77012.

(I-2/91) YOUNG IN EAST TEXAS: Writer/ professional GWM, 28 years, single, trim, dark hair and eyes, 5'-7", 155#, loves country/western and rock, non-smoker, social drinker, HIV negative; seeks older, hairy man 40+ of the REBEL II type (but all inquiries welcome). Drop me a line and we'll see what cums up. But! Sex is secondary, emotions first. Write: **ROYCE.**

(S-10/90) MASCULINE GWM, 57, 5'-9", 195#, hairy body, well hung, 8 inches. Non-smoker, health conscious. Like big men, 35-60, who are well hung. Looking for close relationship or straight acting buddies. Send nude photo. I'll do the same. Write: D.S., 14400 Statler Blvd. #3909, Ft. Worth, TX 76155.

(B-8/91) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 44, stocky, nice looking, Seek French A/P or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up--no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(H-2/91) CAFE AU LAIT: GBM, 49, 5'-9", 195#, brown/brown, French A/P, Greek A. Desire intimate, sensual lovemaking. Well-read with diverse sports, cultural and musical interests. Travel south central U.S. Seek compatible guy(s) over 40. Grey/white-haired? Chunky? Balding? I'm your guy! Write: Strac, 9505 Brockbank Drive #4208, Dallas, TX 75220.

UTAH

(C-10/90) SILVER BEAR: GWM, 69, 5'-11", 195#. Enjoy the nude lifestyle and welcome all nude and natural men to stop by and visit, contact first. I am hairy, uncut, silver crew cut, 'stache and pencil-thin beard. All answered with photo and stats. Write: **GULL**

VIRGINIA

(Z-12/90) FALLS CHURCH: GWM, 79, 6 ft., 185#, blond, moustache, smooth skin, uncut, nudist, healthy, non-smoker, no drugs, non-drinker, French A/P, not talkative, homebody. Seeks manly, considerate, affectionate, loving man (white or color) of similar height, weight, square-jawed, hairy or not. Write: **ZEJ**

INTERNATIONAL (NOTE: Required postage per 1/2 ounce in parentheses)

(J-2/91) VANCOUVER, BC: Retired, 65, 6'-2", 180#, grey hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travelling, bridge and opera. Write: Hirondelle, Suite 480 - 1755 Robson, Vancouver, BC, V6G 3B7, CANADA. (30 cents)

(F-6/91) FRANKIE BEARMANIAC AND HE-BIG-MAN: totally welcome bears from anywhere. We offer you food and bed, south of Brussels, Belgium. We can't wait to meet you. Love. Write: **FRANKIE BEARMANIAC** (45 cents)

(L-12/90) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN TRANSPLANTED TO ESPAÑA: GWM, 45, 195#, 5'-8", seeks same to share my excellent adventure. If you're considerateand affectionate with a good sense of humor (stocky and hairy a plus), drop me a line. Friendship is first step. I enjoy sports, theatre, spontaneity and adventure, looking for Mr. Almost Right. Picture gets a picture. Write: **BULLDAWG** (25 cents)

(M-10/90) SHORT, STOCKY CHUBBY WANTED FROM JAPAN: Affectionate Japanese professional, healthy, 40, 5'-7", 165#, black crewcut hair, brown eyes, warm, sensitive, quiet, honest. Enjoys classical music, theatre, travel, books, sunbathing. Seeking a gentleman over 48 (50s nice), short, stocky, smooth body, handsome, straight-acting, no drugs, for sincere friendship (hopefully leading to permanent, monogamous relationship). First, correspondence; secondary, mutual visit. Photo (nude, if possible) essential. Write: **SHOGUN** (45 cents)

(M-10/90) JAPANESE SANDMAN: 34-year-old Japanese looking for chubby daddy for correspondence and possible visit in U.S. in Fall, 1991. 5'-8", 150#, sincere, friendly, fun-loving. Speak and write English. Photo, please. Write: Sukiyaki, #101 Katsura Co-op, 30-1 Hitsujisaru-cho, Nishikyo-ku, Kyoto 615, JAPAN. (45 cents)

(S-10/90) FRENCH BEAR LOVER: Seeks a lot of heavy friends for correspondence/friendship/exchange photos/later visits and mutual sex pleasure. Prefer 50+, white hairy, well endowed, cuddly, but will answer all. Me: 42, 5'-7", 160#, brown, healthy, clean, totally unhairy-crotched. Please write with a nude photo. I'll do the same. Write: Alain Simon, 13 Rue des Bergeronnettes, 27190 Saint Elier, FRANCE. (45 cents)

LATE ARRIVALS:

(E-12/90) OREGON: 45, British WM seeks 60-80+, stocky to super chub, for simple loving relationship. Willing to relocate for Mr. Right. Photo please. Write to: **GERONTOPHYLE**

(H-12/90) L.A. SEEKS MATURE MEN: GWM, HIV negative, 33, 6'-1", 180#, beard/bald. Wants to meet mature, masculine men, 45-65, 190-210#, tall, hairy (beard/bald a plus), who are educated and have a sense of humor for friendship and possibly more. Write: Stan, P.O. Box 93702, Los Angeles, CA 90093.

(J-4/91) ORANGE COUNTY BIG GUYS: Two big guys, early 40s, masculine, hairy, clean, fun. Looking for significant third person, 40 and up. Call or write Jay, P.O. Box 253, Trabuco Canyon, CA 92678, or call (714) 589-9422, days, nights (business phone - ask for Jay).

NOTE: THE DEADLINE FOR ADS IN THE UPCOMING DECEMBER ISSUE IS OCTOBER 19TH.

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE . . .

GOLDEN GOODIES

by QUETZAL

THIS SEEMS KINDA WEIRD, MIKE! GUS 'N' TOBY GO TO CALIFORNIA ON VACATION, & THEY BRING BACK... WELL, UH...
SAY IT: A HUNK!
TOBY SAYS THIS GUY NED HAS THE PHYSIQUE OF A 30-YEAR-OLD BODYBUILDER!
WOW!
I MUST ADMIT, I HAD NO IDEA OUR FRIENDS WERE SO... UH... WELL... HOW SHALL I SAY...
ENTERPRISING? ADVENTUROUS? OUTGOING? CREATIVE?
WOULD YOU BELIEVE "HORNY"?!
I WOULD!
©QUETZAL 1990

GOLDEN GOODIES

by QUETZAL

GOSH--I CAN'T BELIEVE I GOTTA GO BACK TO THE OFFICE TOMORROW!
CALL IN SICK!
24
©QUETZAL 1990
I DUNNO--DAY AFTER VACATION, THAT SEEMS PRETTY OBVIOUS...
SO WHAT, TOBE?!
WE GOTTA SHOW NED AROUND ST. PAUL! WE'LL HEAD DOWNTOWN & HIKE THE SKYWAYS... BUILD A SNOWMAN WHO'S REALLY HUNG! LIVE A LITTLE, O.K.?
OH GUS, HE'S HERE TO COOL OUT--HE DOESN'T NEED TO BE SUPERTOURIST!
CLICK!
I GUESS WE COULD SPEND A COUPLE DAYS JUST SCREWIN' AROUND!
MMM. I'D BE HAPPY JUST SCREWIN'!
YEAH? GET OVER HERE!
IF YOU INSIST...
SMOOCH!
THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, FOLKS!

QUETZAL has been with us from the very beginning and has contributed a massive amount of cartoons to the cause. He and his dynamic model/actor lover, PLOVER, reside in West Hollywood. GOLDEN GOODIES will now conclude with this issue. Look for a brand new series in an upcoming issue.

THE BOYS ON THE BEACH . . . photo by JAY-BE

This is the type of scene you'll find when you visit the nude beaches of Gran Canaria Island (Spain) off the coast of Morocco. According to our model and photographer, JAY-BE, it is a paradise for older gay men and their admirers.

LEGAL EAGLE

IT'S NEVER TOO SOON TO PREPARE FOR ILLNESS OR INJURY: ANOTHER PLEA FOR USE OF DURABLE POWERS OF ATTORNEY AND LIVING WILLS

Recently, a close friend called, wondering what he could do to get his lover taken to a hospital. His lover, a young man who had shared his life for eight years, had become very ill. Feverish, he was hallucinating, vomiting and drooling constantly from the mouth. He'd crawled into the bathtub and refused to be taken to a hospital.

I had to advise my friend that, without a power of attorney for health care or other document giving him some legal control over the care of his lover, he was virtually powerless to take any action on his own. I advised him that police officers have certain special powers to take a person into custody for his own welfare if the person is not mentally competent and is endangering himself or others, but such requires that the police find the person to be both incompetent and a danger to himself or others.

After the first visit from officers, who informed my friend that as long as his lover refused medical attention and did not appear to them at that moment to be totally incompetent, they had no power to force him to go to a hospital.

A call to the lover's mother and father, in the hope that they might be able to do something, was unavailing. Had they been present to sign their son into a hospital, it is possible the hospital might have accepted the young man as a patient. But the parents would not come to that area, and there was no chance that the hospital would accept a man as a patient over his protests, at the request of a lover without any legal documentation establishing some authority.

Only many hours later, when my friend was able to persuade the officers to return and re-evaluate the situation, was the matter resolved, and then only because his lover started hallucinating while the officers were present. An ambulance was quickly called; the young man was admitted to the hospital for observation and found to be suffering from severe pneumonia and other symptoms, including massive swelling of the brain. A week of intensive treatment has led to his seeming recovery, but the doctors estimated the young man would not have survived another night without such hospitalization.

This was a particularly distressing situation for me, since it involved a good friend whom I knew to be knowledgeable about the need for durable powers of attorney—not only for business matters, but also for health care. I knew him also to be well aware of the importance of an advance declaration of a patient's intent regarding so-called "heroic measures" when death is imminent, and the importance of directives to physicians, or so-called living wills. My friend himself had such documents for himself, but none for his lover.

The United States Supreme Court has recently made it even more important to plan ahead for such eventualities, upholding a Missouri decision that a young woman could not be taken off life-sustaining equipment even years after she had gone into a vegetative state, despite the desires of the members of the woman's family, solely on the basis that the woman herself had never specifically written out her desires and intentions.

Now, in some states without protective laws, a person can be kept involuntarily alive through all kinds of extraordinary measures, almost indefinitely, unless he or she has expressed in writing the desire not to be subjected to such special measures. Even a terminally ill AIDS patient can be subjected to "crash cart" or "Code Blue" emergency resuscitation, repeatedly, even though he may have been suffering intense intractable pain, if he had not had a "living will" or given control over his medical care to an agent. A hospital can legally prevent such a patient from "slipping away peacefully" if it chooses to do so, unless there is a legal directive providing otherwise.

I have previously urged in this column that every reader should obtain and execute for himself at least a durable power of attorney for health care. It is also wise to have a so-called living will, which is more correctly known as a directive to physicians, establishing under what circumstances they should cease extraordinary measures to resuscitate you, or to keep you technically alive.

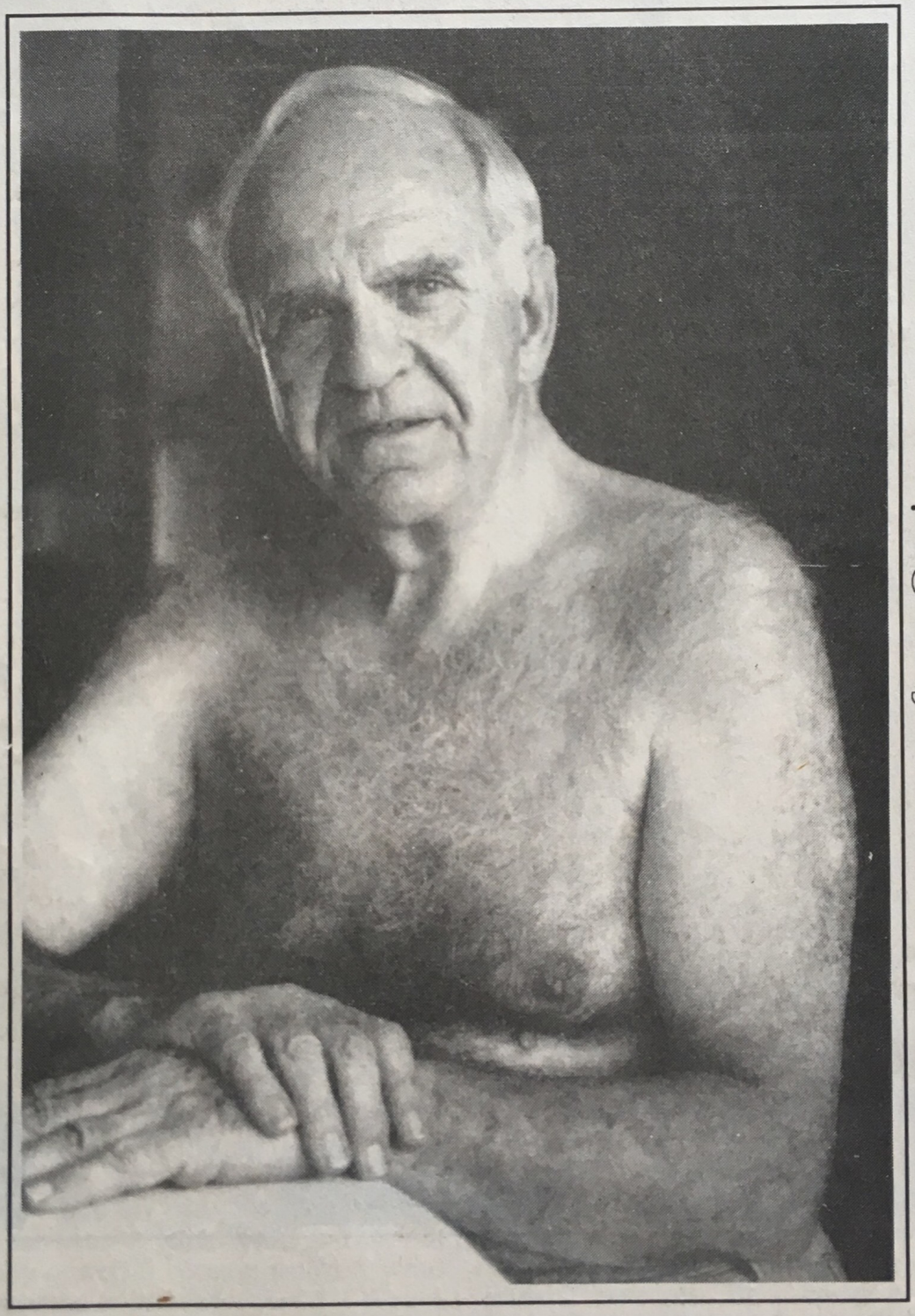
This actual event occurring with one of my closest friends just weeks ago causes me again to make such a request of you. Please, for your own sake and that of your loved ones, obtain and execute a living will and durable power of attorney for health care. One never knows when he will be stricken with illness or serious injuries.

LEGAL EAGLE is a 58-year-old Palm Springs area lawyer with a heavy build and an attraction to young men under 25 or 30. He is community-oriented, active, personable and loves to travel. He seeks a live-

in companion who is interested in school or professional training, but is not seeking a "sugar daddy" situation.

[Editor's Note: The National Hemlock Society in California offers a combination living will and durable power of attorney for health care form, complete with instructions, for $1. Although the form has a few provisions required by California law (which wouldn't be needed in another state), they don't affect the document's validity in other states. According to LEGAL EAGLE, the forms would almost certainly be valid in every state, and certainly would meet the Supreme Court's requirement as stated in the above case. In California, write The Hemlock Society, P.O. Box 66218, Los Angeles, CA 90066-0218, or telephone (213) 391-1871. Elsewhere: P.O. Box 11830, Eugene, OR 97440, 1-800-247-7421]

W A R L O C K



. . . photo by

COURT JESTER

He is a 67-year-old teddy bear who lives in western New York with the COURT JESTER, his partner of many years.

RAM

BILL SEES SOMETHING HE LIKES

Fifty-year-old RAM lives in the Midwest with his 70-year-old lover. A regular contributor since 1986, this handsome man came to our rescue when we were frantically looking for the kind of artwork that would give us respectability. The first great artist to portray the older and heavier man with dignity, he is one of the most beloved of our contributors and revered throughout the world.

XYLOPHANG

OAT BRAN

Awhile back, researchers found that eating oat bran could help decrease cholesterol levels. The result was that dozens of products with oat bran came on the market and the value of oats went up. But, what's this? A new report now claims that oat bran does not lower cholesterol levels. The media went nuts over this "revelation" and the price of oats plummeted. People stopped buying oat bran products. But I wanted to know more about the new report, and guess what I found?

Since mostly older men with high cholesterol levels would benefit the most from eating oat bran, one would expect that the debunking testers would use a similar group, right?

Wrong. They tested only 20 people, 16 of whom were women, average age: 30. Moreover, their cholesterol levels were at least 10 points better than the desirable level and they were fed more of every type of fat, along with the oat bran. The result: overall cholesterol was the same or higher than before. NO SHIT, SHERLOCK!

This "study" was obviously a set-up. They got what they wanted out of it and went straight to the media. Of course, the media never bothered to check the study out. Had they bothered to read the data, they would have found that LDL (the type of cholesterol which is bad for you) levels had actually lowered, in spite of the extra fat.

The fact remains that, in 1984, 20 men with high cholesterol and some with heart disease ate 100 grams of oat bran a day and lowered their cholesterol by 55 points. Subsequent testing has verified oat bran's cholesterol-lowering capabilities. So who're you going to believe?

WRITING YOUR CONGRESSMEN

All my life, I've been told that one of the great things about being an American is that the little guy can write to his Congressmen and be heard. The gay press urges us all to write our congressmen and tell them that we're tired of being bashed and abused. An NBC news anchor recently said that the gun lobby is powerful because it gets people to write letters to their congressmen, while backers of gun control never write.

Bull shit. I dare say that proponents of gun control have written as many letters as the gun nuts. Is the tobacco lobby powerful because smokers write their congressmen and nonsmokers don't? Would cocaine users gain congressional support for legalization if they wrote letters?

Sorry to burst your bubble, but Congressmen don't respond to their constituents nearly as much as you might think. They respond primarily to their *contributors* (big business, lobbies). Which makes me wonder about all that money that goes to gay political causes. Are we *buying* human rights?

We CR types who are seniors have dual concerns: human rights and the conservation of social security/medicare. The latter is easy to do, thanks to the American Association of Retired Persons. I joined at age 50 and it's a bargain. They don't ask if you're gay and they're so powerful that Congress listens . . . closely. It's nice being part of a powerful lobby.

LUNCHTIME REVELATIONS

I'm sure you've all heard about how many Americans get admitted into hospitals with one disease and end up with another. Sadly, a hefty percentage of patients come down with infections in hospitals and several thousand of them die each year. Well, on the news the other day, NBC told of a doctor who had a patient dying of an infection she'd contracted in the hospital. He was having lunch with another doctor and happened to mention the tragedy. Lo and behold, the other doctor knew of an outfit called XOMA CORPORATION which is developing a drug called E5, touted as a highly effective antibiotic and the miracle drug which just might wipe out these kinds of infections in the future. Soon thereafter, the first doctor asked for and received emergency permission from the FDA to use the drug on his patient, with miraculous results. The woman is alive and doing quite well now. The sad fact is that thousands of patients will continue to die of these infections because their doctors haven't heard of the drug or won't bother to apply to the FDA for emergency usage. Sadder still is the fact that most of these deaths will be among the elderly. Those of you who currently have loved ones in the hospital (or if you or your loved one will be admitted into a hospital in the future), find out if your doctor is familiar with E5. Demand that E5 be available if an emergency develops.

WHAT ARE WE ANYWAY?

For those of you who dislike using the term "gay" to describe yourselves, the mainstream gay media have come up with a super new buzzword: *QUEER*. Check out the cover of *Advocate* #559 or that delightful *come-out-or-I'll-jerk-you-out-of-the-closet* rag, *Outweek*. It appears that our activist, gay "leaders" have seen fit to create a "new" word to replace the too-cumbersome phrase, *gay and lesbian* . . . er . . . I mean *lesbian and gay*. So what happened to *homosexual?* "It's a derogatory term created by the

oppressive heterosexual community to label us," railed one San Francisco activist wearing a T-shirt with "Queer Nation" printed on the front. So who thought up the label *QUEER*?? . . . Is it me, or is the gay mainstream boat missing an oar?

ANOTHER FORM OF JUSTICE: HARASSMENT

Because of the stigma of being older, many mature gay and bisexual men avoid hostile clone bars and depend upon adult book stores for meeting other men. Those who live in rural areas can be up the creek without the social and sexual benefits of such places. It is therefore in your interest to know what's happening to such establishments.

Federal, state and local prosecutors in several states (especially Bible belt states) routinely go after adult video distributors and book stores, fully knowing that they cannot get a conviction. Why? Well, they have a limitless supply of money (taxpayer provided) and the backing of the Religious Right, so *fuck* justice. They go after the distributors and bookstores again and again until the businesses go bankrupt with legal fees. That's American justice today. It's called prosecution by *harassment*.

Do prosecutors use the tactic outside the porn arena? Witness the recent string of prosecution failures: Emelda Marcos, John Gotti, Raymond Buckey and Marion Barry (is Noriega next?). Are prosecutors really that bad, or was there ever a chance at conviction in the first place? Are prosecutor's strings being pulled by the Religious Right or some other politically powerful group? In lieu of a tight case, is harassment the alternative? In Raymond Buckey's case, I believe the answer is obvious. L.A. County prosecutors never EVER had a case, yet they pursued it until Buckey, his family and all the other teachers at the McMartin Preschool were completely devastated.

Will adult video distributors and adult book stores survive the onslaught from the Religious Right and their pals in the "justice" business? If they don't, what will keep the zealots from going after same-sex couples who live together? Picture some tight-assed, right wing, Florida prosecutor saying with a wink, "We can't *convict* them on sodomy, but we can sure *indict* the fuck out of them and harrass them into moving to West Hollywood or San Francisco."

Support freedom of speech. Support your local adult video and book store. It might be the last line of defense.

XYLOPHANG, a 50ish iconoclast from San Francisco, is the publisher of a prize-winning, Pacific Rim trade magazine. Since his job requires anonymity, he dreamt up his bizarre byline, which no one can pronouce, let alone spell. He lives in the wine country with his lover of 14 years.

PUBLICATION POLICY

CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we operate on a frugal budget, we can't pay cash for most creations. We can get you noticed by the right people, though, and we can pay you in other ways.

We seek works that hold the more mature man in a positive light. Works may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Cartoons.

—Short stories. We no longer accept standard, purely sexual fiction or "porn" with no redeeming social value. We do, however, accept unusual fiction in the genres of adventure, drama, comedy, horror, black comedy, fantasy, etc., the more erotic the better. Manuscripts must be less than 10 double spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration.

—Drawings, no larger than 8 X 10, unless invited.

—Poetry.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to the mature man and his admirers— same as short stories, except limited to 4 double spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)—full portrait, undisguised preferred, with good contrast and clarity. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Releases required by those owning the publication rights.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 21 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or bestiality will not be considered.

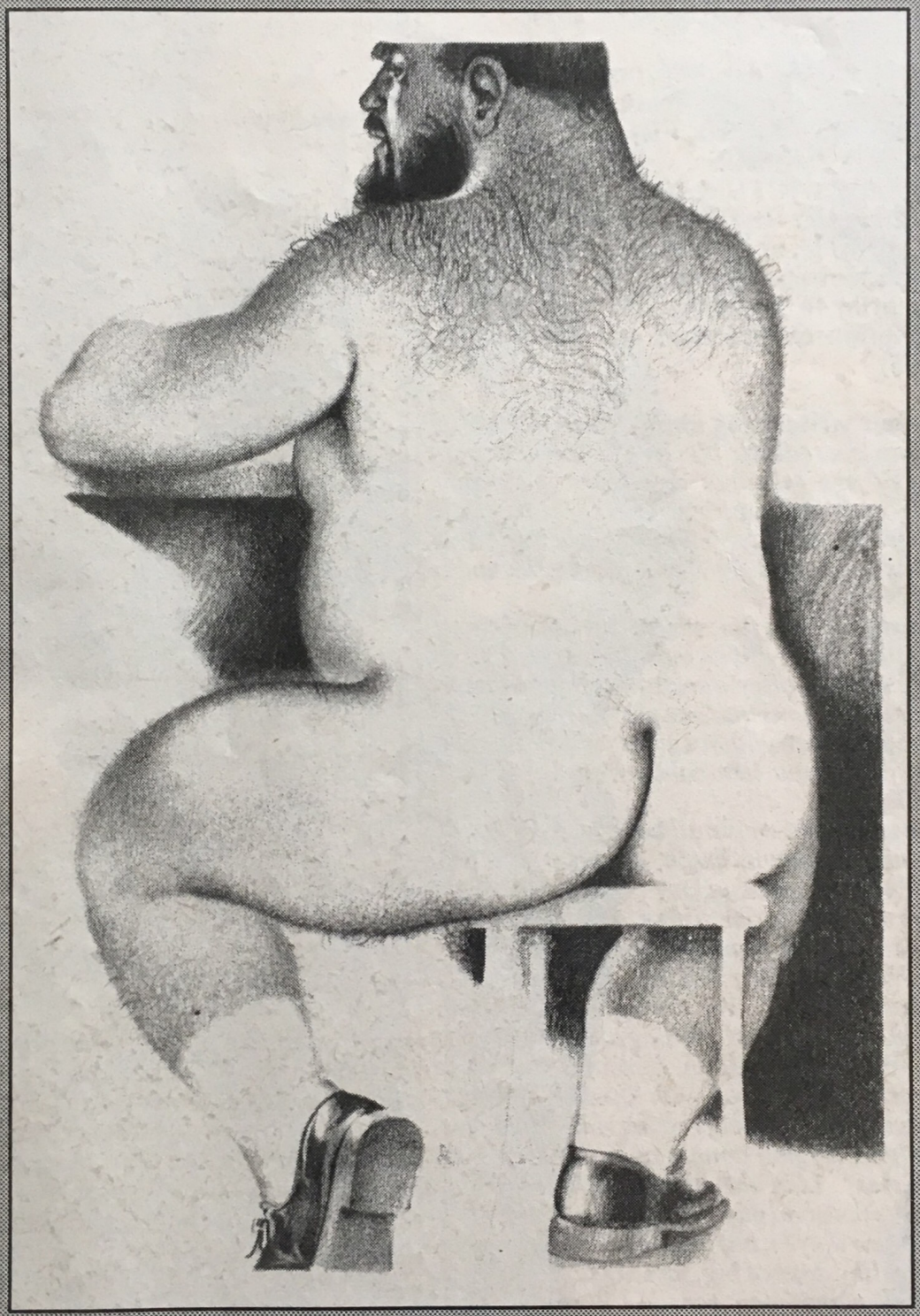
All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in CHIRON RISING copies, subscriptions or special issues as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screen plays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted without previous query.

SAMSON

Japan's celebrated magazine is now available to the rest of the world. The ultimate in photography and artwork for connoisseurs of big and older men. In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Japanese Yen or U.S. $14.00. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Japanese Yen in bank transfer or money order. For a 12 month subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Japanese Yen in bank transfer or money order.

All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Shitaya Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91.

C O R N E L I U S



He's a brilliant, 34-year-old portrait and fantasy artist living in Amsterdam with his chubby lover, aged 42. In the very near future, CR will begin reproducing some of his masterful paintings in full color.

IT IS TIME FOR THE BEST SPECIAL ISSUE YET!

AVAILABLE NOVEMBER 15, 1990

Over 80 pages, including dazzling, uncensored photos—many in brilliant color—featuring ZIPPER, KORV, IRONWORKER, THE FRIAR, C.C. and a couple of surprises . . . PLUS . . . P.H. COLLEY's exciting new novel, SANCTUM, featuring superb, graphic illustrations by RADER. Available at finer bookstores world-wide, or by mail order. See order blank in back of this issue. Special Offer: Subscribers who order prior to November 15, 1990, will receive a subscription extension of one issue . . . a savings of $5.75!

Here's what other writers say about SANCTUM:

"**Sanctum** *is a realistic blend of fiction and erotica—a coming of age tale that combines one man's search for love with international intrigue. Not just another story from the gay-fiction genre,* **Sanctum** *touches on facets of life and growth that are relevant to anyone.* " **ROYCE**

"**Sanctum** *is a jolly fun, razzle-dazzle, mystery/suspense/adventure yarn with as many twists and turns as the Coast Highway. Colley's craftsmanship in braiding several intrigue tensions into one playful pig tail is irresistible. One can't let go without giving it a good yank, then the surprises fall out like candy from a piñata!"* **KENN RICHIE**

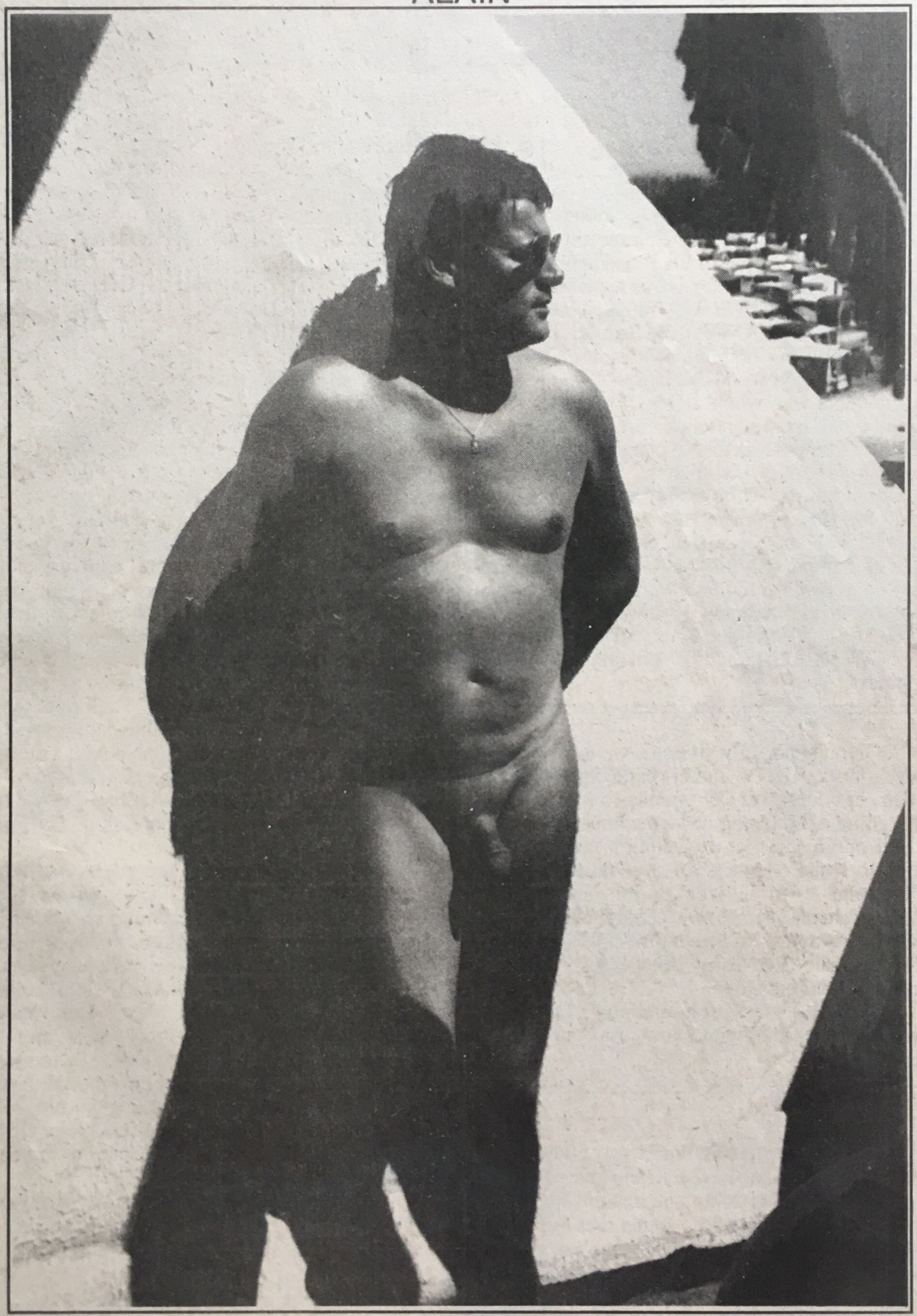
"**Sanctum** *is what we've all been waiting for: a unique tale about intelligent, butch, dangerous, MEN, who just happen to be cocksuckers. It gave me wet nightmares after I read it in one sitting. Pure, 190 proof Colley at his best. RADER's haunting, smoldering illustrations are nothing short of brilliant."* ***XYLOPHANG***

"**Sanctum** *is good! Mr. Colley has chosen a genre that's right up my leisure-reading alley, that is, the spy/espionage thrillers of Ludlum, Le Carré and Cruz Smith. He has peopled his novel with unusual, interesting characters and a convoluted, red herring-filled plot, along with foreign intrigue, double agents, derring-do and double-crosses. Like the above authors, Colley gives us the C.I.A. (the good guys, maybe) and the K.G.B. (the bad guys, or are they?), but he goes one step further and gives us a healthy dose of big, fat C.O.C.K.! Which, I confess, is another important reason I liked* Sanctum. *Although the plot line is gripping in itself, taking us from Houston to the Arctic Circle to Moscow to Yugoslavia, the sexual tension is most gratifying and jack-off opportunities abound. But then what else could one expect from a smut-brain like Colley?"*
JASON P. WILLIAMS

"You're out of your mind, Patrick." **THE FRIAR**

KORV

ALAIN



This 42-year-old French bear lover seeks a lot of heavy friends for correspondence and visits. He prefers 50+, white/hairy, well endowed and cuddly.

IN CLOSING

For the first time in our lives, The Friar and I attended a male/male wedding. We not only attended, but stood up for the two lucky guys as well. Last issue, we announced that the man we most wanted to see find a mate had found one through CR, but we gave fictitious names and locations—a normal procedure we sometimes use to protect the identity of our subscribers. Instead of SILK and new mate from Colorado, the new pair now wants the world to know their real names: GENE WAGNER, previously of L.A., and HANK BANGS from Seattle.

There was nothing awkward or theatrical about the ceremony—no cracks about who would be best man and who would be the flower girl. There were two *real* men, standing before a *bona fide* minister, being bound together in *genuine* wedlock, witnessed by a group *true* friends. The couple wore purple silk shirts, white trousers, white shoes and orchid leis flown in from Hawaii. They exchanged vows before Hank's minister son-in-law (like Gene, Hank was previously married and has grown children), who made sure that all present were actively involved in the ceremony. It was a unique and profound rite which none of us will soon forget.

We wish Gene and Hank many, many years of happiness.

In our June-July 90 issue, we told you about RAM's lover, RUDY, and his battle against cancer. RUDY has lost over 70 pounds, but is currently undergoing a promising new chemotherapy. We're all still optimistic, but it all hinges upon RUDY's ability to resist. Again we ask you to remember RUDY and RAM in your prayers and thoughts. Letters of encouragement and cards should be sent to us for forwarding. No forwarding postage is necessary. Just write "RAM c/o CHIRON RISING" on the outside of your envelope.

Please . . . let's all join in and let this brave, battle-weary, special man know just how much we need him.

I don't have a racist bone in my body. I abhor racism in all forms and have fallen in love or lust with men of virtually every skin hue imaginable. But up until a couple of years ago, I sometimes felt uncomfortable around people of other races and cultures. Why? Because, instead of being myself, I allowed my mind to become preoccupied with *not* coming across as racist. Of course, my less-than-honest body language blew most first impressions and I was probably classified as just another phony to most blacks and a "bleeding heart liberal" to most whites.

Thanks to this magazine and my involvement with enlightened people like The Friar and some of our contributors, I've managed to clean up my act. But, unlike The Friar, the ultimate social response has always eluded me . . . until August of this year.

We were invited to a surprise party celebrating the 80th birthday of one of our subscribers. The spectacular outdoor party was thrown by the celebrant's lover of many years, a black man in his 50s. He had the party catered, and invited 80 people—one for each year of his partner's age. There was a highly talented jazz combo entertaining the guests as they feasted upon oysters on the half shell, crawfish, paté, roast beef sandwiches, champagne and an assortment of gourmet hors d'oeuvres.

A sober alcoholic, I'm normally very ill-at-ease at parties, especially if 90% of the guests are unknown to me. Combine that with the fact that around 50% of these guests were black, and you can imagine concern. But within ten minutes, I was as relaxed as The Friar and conversing with everyone.

They finally ushered in the blindfolded birthday boy, whose kind, wise eyes misted over as all the guests stood and applauded. That one moment charged the atmosphere with abundant love. Later, we found ourselves sharing a table with a delightful black female couple and an extraordinarily witty interracial male couple. Eventually it dawned on me that I was making an honest impression. The Friar, as usual, was knockin' 'em dead.

Later, after most of the guests had left, we stayed on for nightcaps (sinfully rich leftovers, in my case) with the birthday couple and two other long-term male couples, who are close friends of the hosts. By candlelight, we lazily soaked up a magical couple of hours, discussing CR's growth and future, relationships, how great the party was. Then someone yawned and we realized that it was getting late. We all hugged each other fondly, imprinting memories, solidifying friendships . . . then went our separate ways.

It was not until the following morning when I realized that all the other nightcap couples were black and white. It then occurred to me that I'd experienced the ultimate social response.

I'd become color blind . . . like The Friar.

Much Love,
P. H. Colley, Editor

IN CLOSING

For the first time in our lives, The Friar and I attended a male/male wedding. We not only attended, but stood up for the two lucky guys as well. Last issue, we announced that the man we most wanted to see find a mate had found one through CR, but we gave fictitious names and locations—a normal procedure we sometimes use to protect the identity of our subscribers. Instead of SILK and new mate from Colorado, the new pair now wants the world to know their real names: GENE WAGNER, previously of L.A., and HANK BANGS from Seattle.

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